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TERMS IN ADVANCE

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No. 459

I CANNOT HATE HER.

BY T. C. HARRAUGH.

I cannot hate her tho' I've tried
A thousand times to do it;
And now I fear my wounded pride
Will never bring me to it.
I turned her picture to the wall,
Intending on it never
The summer sunbeams more should fall;
She said this wasn't clever.

To-night I see her play her part;
Such memories will linger;
And fickle woman's empty heart
I balance on my finger.
I've learned a bitter lesson from
The false in beauty's bosom;
And from the vanished meadows come
The scent of clover blossom.

Why, bless me! here's a look of hair
In this old, dusty letter;
A faded gentian, too, I wear!
A broken, useless fetter.
What is the matter with my eyes?
I wipe them, still they're misty;
I smell the blooms of paradise
That fringe life's saddest vista.

Although she never thinks of me,
I understand, *sub rosa*,
She keeps a *carte de visite*,
Now this is *inter nos*—a
Picture of a certain chap,
Who at my window lingers,
And takes a gaiter from his lap,
To twine around his fingers!

This letter—last one sent by her—
(May Heaven bless the writer!)
I offer to a fresh cigar.
It makes a brilliant "lighter!"
I watch the smoke wreaths as they curl
Above me to the ceiling;
I know the fickle-hearted girl
Would say I have no "feeling."

Ah! let it pass! I put away
These bitter thoughts of sorrow;
The flowers that I pluck to-day
Will withered be to-morrow.
Was that a footstep on the stair?
Yes, but not hers—that's certain!
Of snowy hands a precious pair
Steal up and—Drop the curtain!

Merle, the Mutineer;

OR,

THE BRAND OF THE RED ANCHOR.

A Romance of Sunny Lands and Blue Waters.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE SURF ANGEL," "THE COSSAIRS OF HISTORY," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE CRE-TAN ROYALTY," "THE PIRATE PRINCE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIVALS.

SEVERAL weeks after the arrival of Lance Grenville, as he was generally called by his intimates, Helen Brainard sat in her own room alone, and in deep and painful meditation, for she had confessed to her own heart, that she loved the brother of the man to whom she was engaged.

Since his return home, Lance had settled down to a quiet plantation life, and resumed the charge of the Grenville estates. He seemed no longer the restless wanderer, and his mother believed, now, that she would keep him ever near her while she lived.

As she sat thus in her room, in deep thought, Helen reviewed her meetings with Lance since his coming, and she felt that her love for him was returned, though no word of his had ever given her cause to feel that he cared for her, other than as the intended bride of his brother; still she read his heart, as often a woman can, when she is the one adored.

Fretted at the mistake she had made, in confessing her love for Arthur, with an impatient gesture Helen Brainard arose, and leaving her room, went out for a walk in the lonely grounds, for she needed action to keep off her painful reveries.

Mechanically she sought the path leading to the rustic arbor on the cliff, and threw herself down in a wicker chair, to gaze out over the sea.

"A rosebud for your thoughts, Miss Helen." The maiden started at the voice, and beheld before her a young man, elegantly dressed, and with a face that would have been very handsome, had it not been marred by dissipation and recklessness.

In his hand he held a red rosebud, which he offered her in payment for the thoughts he had asked to know.

Before coming to her present home, Helen had met in New Orleans Rosal Abercrombie, who then stood before her.

He had come of good family, but at the death of his father, some years before, he had inherited a large estate, which his wild extravagances soon swamped in debt, and from him Commodore Brainard had purchased the elegant home in which he then lived.

With no mother's influence to guide his early years, for Mrs. Abercrombie had died when her boy was an infant, and reared by his father, a man wholly governed by his son, it was no wonder that Rosal became wild, recklessly extravagant, and willful, and threw away his inheritance without thought of the future.

When all was nearly gone, and he was forced to sell his plantation home to pay his debts, Rosal Abercrombie met Helen Brainard, and from the first meeting loved her, and swore she should become his wife.

Admiring him much, the maiden had at first seemed to favor his suit; but, after her father had purchased of the dissolute youth his home, and she had met Arthur Grenville, she no longer cared for Rosal, who, to do him justice, had given up his wild life, and upon the wreck of his fortune was living quietly in the village near his former abode.

Though he knew that the maiden was the promised wife of Arthur Grenville, Rosal Aber-



"Ha! ha! ha! Helen Brainard, two can play at the game of revenge, as you shall know."

crombie did not despair of yet winning her, and was wont to often ride over to Landhaven, as the commodore had named his place, to see the object of his love.

"My thoughts were not of interest to you, Mr. Abercrombie; but be seated; I am glad you have come to drive them away, for they were not of the pleasantest," said Helen, quietly.

"Would that I could ever drive from you that which was unpleasant to you, Helen," remarked the young man, earnestly.

"Mr. Abercrombie, is this generous, is it honorable in you, when you know I am engaged to another?"

"Bahl! engaged to one man and loving another," sneered the young prodigal.

"What mean you, sir? If you intend to insult me, my father shall know of your impertinence," and Helen arose to her feet, an angry flush upon her cheeks.

"Helen Brainard, sit down! I wish to talk with you. Nay, do not exhibit anger, for, though becoming in a great degree, it is yet out of place with one who loves you as I do, and who would make you his wife."

"So you have often said, and as often have received my answer: I do not love you, Mr. Abercrombie."

"Still I would have you marry me, Helen." "Yes, you would use me as a stepping-stone, to get back your old home, which you threw away by extravagance."

The man's brow darkened; but he answered, calmly.

"No, I would marry you because I love you; had I known you years ago I would not now be what I am."

"I love you, Helen, with all my soul, and would have you my wife, even though I believed you loved another."

"Your love is hopeless, Rosal," protested Helen, with some kindness in her tone; and then she added:

"I could not commit such a sin as to marry one man and love another."

"Then I suppose you will break your engagement with Arthur Grenville?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply that you love Lance Grenville, though engaged to Arthur."

"Again you insult me, sir, and upon my own land."

"If the truth offends, so be it; I tell you that which you dare not deny, and I would show you a way out of your present difficulty."

"I have read your secret, Helen Brainard, and I have read his secret love for you, and trouble hangs like a suspended knife above your head."

"Be warned, Helen, and cause not trouble between those two brothers; they are noble fellows, yet they are high-strung and passionate, and the secret will leak out, and the green-eyed monster, jealousy, may make one or the other of them a Cain."

"Break with them, Helen, and marry me."

The maiden gazed upon the man before her with a wild look in her eyes and a white face.

She knew well that he spoke the truth, and she dreaded that her secret might yet be known and then trouble would come.

She had not intended being untrue to Arthur; but it was her intention to keep her pledged word to him, and become his wife, even though Lance Grenville had fascinated her from her love for her brother.

Now she felt that her secret, hardly more than admitted to her own breast, was in the possession of a reckless man—one whom she loved her, and would gain her for his wife by fair means if he could, by foul means if he must.

It was no wonder then that she turned a frightened face toward Rosal Abercrombie, but her tongue would utter no word.

You have heard me, Helen; in a week I will come to my answer.

"See, I offer myself to save you from doing that which may be a great crime."

"I offer you my whole love. I am not yet a beggar, for I have enough to live on, and for you I will work with every energy I possess. Farewell! In one week I will come for my answer."

The man turned, walked toward the mansion, and a moment after Helen saw him dash away on horseback, and a deep sigh escaped her lips.

"Poor Helen!" The maiden started with a cry of alarm, and turned quickly.

Before her stood the tall, elegant form of Lance Grenville.

He was in hunting costume, buck-skin suit, top-boots and slouch hat, and stood leaning upon the muzzle of his rifle.

The arbor was divided into three compartments—a center one, open seaward and landward, and here Helen had been seated when joined by Rosal Abercrombie.

Upon either side of this open hall were two small rooms—one used as a smoking and card-room, the other as a reading retreat for warm days.

In the doorway of the latter now stood Lance Grenville, his dark face stern and ashen, and his somber eyes still more sorrowful.

"Pardon me, Helen, for having been an eavesdropper—I was strolling along the beach, shooting water-fowl, became fatigued and came here to rest, expecting to disturb no one."

"I dropped off to sleep, lulled by the wash of the waves, and your voices in conversation awakened me, and I would have made my presence known had I not heard that Rosal Abercrombie should know I was present. Am I pardoned for eavesdropping?"

"Yes; but oh! what have you not heard?" groaned the unhappy girl.

"I have heard that which would make me extremely happy, were my joy not purchased with my brother's misery."

"Did Rosal Abercrombie speak the truth, Helen, when he said you cared for me more than for Arthur?"

"He did."

"You confess it?"

"With humiliation, yes."

"It is not humiliating to confess one's love, Helen, for I tell you that I love you with my whole heart, now that the secret is no longer my own."

Helen gave a half-cry, as if of joy, of sorrow, and alarm mingled.

Before her stood the noble man, who had just confessed his love for her.

But he drew not nearer to her; his rifle he had leaned against the door, and his arms were folded upon his broad breast.

For a moment a deep and painful silence followed his words.

Then Lance Grenville continued slowly and in his strangely soft tones:

"It is a great joy, Helen, to know that you love me, and yet it is a sorrow unexpressed, for it comes from the lips of one who is betrothed to one dearer to me than all other men—my brother Arthur."

"For me you feel but a passing fancy, a fascination that will fade away as soon as I am gone from here, and your noble breast will go back to its first allegiance, and you will wonder how it could have strayed into forbidden fields."

"But, once again, ere I leave you, Helen, let my ears drink in the sweet words, and my heart clasp close this phantom love; tell me you love me, and if it were not for Arthur, that you would be my wife."

"I love you, Lance Grenville," passionately said the maiden, advancing toward him.

But he held her off, and said in a low voice:

"No; your lips are sacred to him. If my brother were to die I would claim you then, but not while he lives."

"Helen Brainard, farewell forever."

Quickly the strong man turned, and walked away down the cliff path, and, her heart wrung with anguish, Helen Brainard threw herself up on the floor, and leaning upon the wicker chair buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAIN ACCUSED.

SOBBING bitterly, Helen Brainard remained some time in her perfect abandon of grief.

Then she started, for a light touch fell upon her shoulder.

"Ah, Lance," she burst forth, "I knew that you would not leave me thus."

"It is not Lance, Helen."

With a bound, like an enraged lioness, Helen Brainard was upon her feet.

Before her stood Arthur Grenville!

"You! you have heard my words, sir?" she said, savagely.

"I behold you here in great grief, Helen. Your father told me I would find you here, and I heard you speak the name of my brother in strange tones. His rifle stands there, and I saw him going up the beach, a moose since."

"What does it all mean, Helen?"

The maiden made no reply, and after a moment Arthur Grenville continued:

"I will speak for you, Helen, and not in anger will I say a word."

"You remember when we stood together here, and awaited the coming of my brother?"

"Yes," broke from the white lips.

"Then I told you, half in earnest, for I seemed to feel a presentiment of coming evil, not to fall in love with Lance."

"Still I tell you, Helen, that I have lately seen that such has been the case!"

"Yes, Helen, you love my brother, and not me."

Still the maiden uttered no word, and the man went on:

"I revie over this afternoon to break my engagement with you, and to say good-by."

"No, no, no, do not leave me, Arthur!" groaned the unhappy girl.

"Yes, I intended to rejoin my ship at once, and be sent cruising in the southern waters after buccaners, and never to return, until you were the wife of Lance Grenville, for I know how well you two love each other."

"No, no, Arthur! I do not love him, you only do love, and I swear it."

"My regard for him was adoration—fascination."

"You mistake, Helen; you love Lance, as he does you, and our engagement is at an end."

"Henceforth you are but as a sister to me."

The maiden stretched forth her hands beseechingly toward him, and her lips moved; but no word came from them—her heart was almost breaking with the intensity of her feelings.

"Helen, I dare not touch your hand; I dare not—yes, for this once only, and it is my farewell to love."

Springing forward he seized her in his strong arms—pressed her an instant to his breast, kissed her lips once, twice, thrice, and then turned away; turned away, not seeing that she had sunk in a heap upon the floor of the arbor, wholly unconscious.

With rapid steps Arthur Grenville sought the mansion, sprung upon his waiting horse, and dashed swiftly away, just as the sun went down in the blue waters of the gulf.

An hour after sunset, Lance Grenville returned to his elegant home, where his mother was awaiting tea for him.

He looked pale and haggard, and glancing anxiously into his stern face, his mother inquired if he were ill.

"No, mother; bodily I am all right; but heart and brain are suffering," he answered, bitterly.

"My poor, poor boy," said the fond mother, remembering how he had suffered in the past,

after the death of Colonel Darrington by his hand, and the suicide of poor Lucille.

"Mother?"

"Well, Launcelot?" and Mrs. Grenville was almost frightened at the tone of her son's voice.

"It is useless trying; I cannot remain here; I will leave home once more."

"Not soon, I trust, Launcelot?" said the mother, her heart sinking with dread.

"Yes, to-morrow; ay, to-night—within the hour," he announced, earnestly.

"And whither would you go, my son?"

"Anywhere, everywhere! back to Mexico, and again take command of a cruiser."

"Does not David sail to-night for New Orleans with marketing?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I shall go with him; I will at once pack my trunk, so please send word not to let the lugger sail without me."

"But you will miss seeing Arthur?" said Mrs. Grenville, trying by some ruse to detain him if she could.

"He went over to Landhaven, I suppose?"

"Yes, Lance."

"Then he will not return until late; bid him good-by for me," and the unhappy man left the tea-room.

In an hour's time he returned, dressed for traveling, and accompanied by a negro servant bearing his trunk.

Sorrowing for her son, whom she believed was flying from the cruel memories that haunted him when at home, Mrs. Grenville bade him farewell with many tears, and entreaties not to remain long away from her.

"I am getting old fast, Lance; see, my hair is white now, and ere long you will have no mother."

"The sorrows I have had, have left their impress here," and she laid her hand upon her heart.

"If you remain away long, my son, you will find no welcome from me upon your return, for I will be sleeping yonder," and she pointed to a grove of trees at the other end of the garden, where, for generations, the Grenvilles had been laid in their last resting-place.

"If you die, mother, I shall never return home; you are the only anchor that I have to hold me here," and he drew his mother toward him, imprinted a kiss upon the silver hair and was gone.

With quick, heavy step he walked down toward the landing, a few hundred yards distant, followed by the servant bearing his traps.

At a small pier lay a lugger, a plantation trading-boat, the sails up, and the negro crew, of three men, awaiting his coming.

"Well, Dave, I am to be your passenger to New Orleans."

"So missis sent word, massa, an' I has had the cabin fixt up as nice as possible," said the black skipper, politely, then he added: "Ise sorry to see you goin' away so soon, sah."

"I must go, Dave; but I will remain on deck, on a blanket, if I care to sleep, for the night is beautiful to go into the cabin," and Lance Grenville glanced out over the moonlit waters, for a full moon rode in the cloudless heavens.

"Are you ready now, Dave?"

"Yes, sah, if you is, massa."

"Then cast off, for I am most anxious to be away," impatiently said Lance Grenville, and the lugger was slowly swung round to catch the breeze.

"Hold on there with that craft! put back to the wharf, or I will fire on you!"

The words were loud and determined, and issued from the lips of a horseman, who dashed down to the pier, followed by a score of companions, also mounted.

"Put back, Dave; you have not been stealing, I hope," said Lance Grenville, calmly.

"No, sah; but dat am de new sheriff, sah, sartin'."

In another moment the lugger was again alongside the pier, and Lance Grenville sprang ashore, and asked, sternly:

"Of what has my servant been guilty, gentlemen, that you come after him, mounted and armed?"

"It is not your servant we are after, Captain Grenville, but yourself," answered sheriff Winston, laying his hand upon the arm of the young man.

"Indeed! of what am I accused?" sneeringly demanded Lance Grenville.

"You are guilty of as base a crime as—"

The man said no more, for a blow, fair in the face, laid him his length upon the ground.

"Hold! Lance Grenville, you cannot escape," and a dozen pistols were leveled upon him.

"I seek not to escape; I but punished one who said I was guilty of a base crime; of what am I accused?"

He turned haughtily upon those who confronted him.

Then one dismounted and stepped toward him; it was Rosal Abercrombie.

"Lance, my poor friend, the charge against you is a severe one, and I trust it can be proven false."

"Name it, sir."

"Murder."

"Murder! Who have I murdered?" and Lance spoke half-earnestly, half-laughingly.

"Your brother, Arthur."

As the last name issued from the lips of Rosal Abercrombie, the hand of Launcelot Grenville was upon his throat, and he was hurled back with a force that nearly stunned him.

"Liar! wretch! you dare make that charge against me!"

It is a severe charge, Captain Grenville, and it remains with you to prove it untrue," said an old planter, coming forward.

"Arthur, my brother Arthur dead?"

"He is, sir."

"Who killed him?"

"You are accused of his murder."

"Why should I kill poor Arthur?"

"Captain Grenville," and the sheriff approached, cautiously: "Captain Grenville, I am very sorry, sir, but it is my duty, sir, to arrest you upon the charge of murder, and I must iron you, as already we know how violent you can be."

The head of the proud man dropped on his breast, and a deep groan broke from his lips, as he stood a moment in silence.

Then he said, calmly, facing his accusers, and holding his wrists together:

"Do your duty, sir."

The manacles were clasped upon his wrists, and the party set off for the mansion.

As they ascended the broad steps of the piazza another deep sorrow fell upon the prisoner—a sorrow almost greater than he could bear.

At the door a servant met him, and from his lips broke the words:

"Massa Lance, your poor mother am dead."

"Dead! my mother dead, too?"

He spoke like one in his sleep.

"Yes, sah; when de gemmans comed an' tole how you had kill Massa Art'ur, den she lay down on de sofa an' die," said the old negro, the *factotum* of the Grenville mansion, when his young masters were little boys.

With a groan from his inmost heart, Laurence Grenville sunk down in a chair, and buried his face in his manacled hands.

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE COMPACT.

"I HAVE come for my answer, Helen."

Helen Brainerd sat alone in the sea-view arbor on the cliff, and her eyes were looking fixedly out over the sunlit waters of the Gulf, though they apparently saw nothing, as she seemed lost in bitter thought.

Her face was blanched, her eyes deep-sunken, and her haggard looks proved that she had suffered, in the week that had passed, since she last sat in that arbor, and was left there in a deep faint by Arthur Grenville.

Like a lightning stroke, the news had come upon her, that Arthur Grenville was dead, and that his brother was his murderer!

For days she had lain in a kind of semi-stupor, conscious, yet uttering no word; but at last she had left her room, and, to her father's delight, had joined him at breakfast every morning, a week from the day of the murder.

As though determined to shut out the past, she had gone about her duties with a quiet manner, for she was her father's housekeeper, and then she sat down to the piano and idly ran her fingers over the keys; but the air she started, drifted off into a dirge, and seizing her unfinished novel, she walked out toward the arbor.

But not to read, for bitter memories thronged upon her, and her face soon became as cold as marble; but in her eyes dwelt a strange light.

"I have come for my answer, Helen."

The maiden did not start; she knew who addressed her, and she said, quietly:

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Abercrombie; I wish to talk with you."

A bright look crossed the man's face, and entering the arbor he seated himself upon a *settee*.

"From my heart I pity you, Helen."

"Do you?" was the calm reply.

"Indeed I do; it came so soon, so unexpectedly upon you."

"You are without a rival now?"

It was half-sarcastic, half a question, and there was a sneer in her tone.

"Yes; one dead, and one in prison and as well as doomed—this is why I came to beg you to let me have the right to comfort you in your sorrow."

"The world need not know; only give me the promise that you will become my wife. I told you I would return in one week, and though I knew your sorrow was overwhelming, I have come."

The man pleaded earnestly, and his voice trembled.

"After a silence of a moment, Helen said:

"I am glad you have come, for I would learn from you all about this cruel murder."

"From me? Why did not your father tell you all?" asked Rosal, in surprise.

"He told me that Arthur Grenville had fallen by the hand of his brother; that was all I then cared to know. Now I will hear all from you."

"I will make known all that I can tell of the sad affair, Helen, in which, unfortunately, I was forced to take a too conspicuous part."

"You!" and the eyes turned earnestly upon his face.

"Yes; the word first came to me of the murder."

"I am listening," as Rosal Abercrombie paused.

"Well, you know I left you here, the other afternoon, and rode down to the beach to the cabin of old Beal, the fisherman, intending to engage him and his craft for a day's sport."

"I did not find Beal at home, and on returning met him, just after dark, a mile from here, at the White Cliff, and he held in his hand a dark object, which he informed me was a coat."

"I took it, and by the bright moonlight recognized it as the coat worn by Arthur Grenville, and, from Beal, I learned that a terrible tragedy had taken place."

"He was off shore fishing in his small boat, and at sunset saw a horseman ride out upon the cliff, and he recognized Arthur Grenville, who seemed to be gazing seaward, as though in search of a sail."

"A moment, he said, that Arthur remained there, and then he saw him fall from his horse, and the report of a rifle reached his ears."

"He was so surprised at what he beheld that he remained motionless, and then, by the light of the rising moon, he saw a tall form run out upon the cliff, from the pine thicket, and bend over the body of Arthur Grenville."

"A moment he remained thus, and then he arose, bearing the body in his arms, and hurried it from the cliff into the sea."

"For awhile he stood after the deed, and then walked rapidly back to the pine thicket, and Beal next beheld him dash away upon a white horse."

"Then the fisherman remained inactive no longer, and hastily rowed shoreward, and searched for the body, but without success, and going upon the cliff he found the coat, hat and boots of Arthur Grenville, for such I recognized them to be."

"From his description of the murderer, 'a very tall man, riding a white horse,' I felt that it must be Lance Grenville, for you know I had dreaded trouble."

"Yes, your dreadings were quickly realized. What did you then do, Rosal?"

"There was a strange calmness in the manner and tone of the woman, and Rosal Abercrombie doubted if she had loved Arthur Grenville as well as he had believed, or his brother at all."

"I felt it my duty to cause the arrest of Lance Grenville, and I sought the sheriff, while Beal went after several of the planters, and we met at the residence of the Grenvilles, and, to add to our suspicions, learned that Lance had just left home for an indefinite period, going by the market lugger to New Orleans."

"While several of the party remained at the mansion, to acquaint the poor mother with the sad tidings, we dashed down to the pier, and captured the murderer, but not until he had knocked the sheriff down, and roughly handled me."

"Poor Mrs. Grenville! How terrible must have been her sorrow!"

"Her sorrows were soon at an end; she died from the shock, as you know she had heart-disease."

Helen Brainerd started, and her form trembled violently, for she had dearly loved the noble old lady to whose son she had been betrothed.

After a long silence, which Rosal Abercrombie would not interrupt, Helen asked:

"And Laurence Grenville is in prison now?"

"Yes, he is in the village jail, doubly ironed."

"When will he be tried?"

"In two weeks."

"There is no proof that Lance Grenville is the murderer."

"Yes, he was seen by Beal, and—"

"How far off was Beal?"

"Well, say two hundred yards from the shore."

"Did he say that it was Lance Grenville who did the deed?"

"What a Yankee you are for questions, Helen! He said it was a very large man, and that he rode away on a white horse, after throwing the body into the sea."

"The body was never found, was it?"

"No; it drifted out with the tide, and the

beach, for miles, has been searched in vain for it."

"The description of the murderer answers to Lance Grenville, certainly; still it may not have been, and a court will ask many questions before he is condemned on that evidence alone."

"You need offer no excuse for the man you love, Helen, for—"

"Silence, sir! I tell you that better evidence must be found to hang Lance Grenville, and, Rosal Abercrombie, you must find it!"

"Great God!"

"The man was on his feet in an instant; but the maiden was perfectly serene, a strange smile upon her lips, a stranger look in her eyes."

"In God's name what do you mean, Helen Brainerd?"

"Just what I say, sir; you must find evidence that will hang Lance Grenville for the murder of his brother Arthur."

"I thought you loved Lance Grenville!" gasped the man, inquiringly.

"I thought so, too; it was a fascination, an infatuation."

"And Arthur Grenville?"

"Was my first, last and only love."

"The maiden spoke with naive earnestness, and looked the man before her squarely in the face."

"You have just found this out?"

"Yes, when he is dead, and his brother is his murderer."

"And you wish now to have Lance Grenville—"

"Hung?"

"The eyes fairly blazed now, and the lips were bloodless; the man was pale as death."

"Rosal Abercrombie, I hate Lance Grenville as fervently as I loved his brother, and I am revengeful, and he must die, and you must supply the evidence necessary to condemn him."

"I will show you. Go into that arbor, look behind the door, and then tell me what you discover."

"The man quietly obeyed, and returning, said in a low voice:

"It is Lance Grenville's rifle."

"Yes; he left it here one week ago to-day—can it not be made use of?"

"How?"

"It is not," said Rosal, after an examination.

"It was fired last a week ago, then; cannot an expert tell by examination if a firearm has just been discharged, or—"

"Yes, I understand; tell me your plan," said the man, an evil look creeping into his eyes.

"If you found the rifle near the White Cliffs—hidden in the pine straw, and—"

"Helen Brainerd, you are a very devil for plotting! This evidence will be sufficient to hang him."

"It may, and it may not; there must be more."

"How and when can I get it?"

"See the prosecuting attorney, and tell him that, in my grief, I sent you to get my testimony would hang Lance Grenville, if I gave it."

"Your testimony?"

"Yes; one week ago Lance Grenville stood where you do now, and said to me that which I will make known before a court, if I am called as a witness."

"You shall be there; but your revenge against Lance is fearful."

"I hate as love—with my whole soul; now take the rifle and go."

"And my reward—for I do this for you alone, Helen."

"The day that Lance Grenville is sentenced to be hung, I will pledge myself to become your wife, upon any day after one year from Arthur Grenville's death that you will name."

"By Heaven! do you mean it?" and a look of triumph shot into the eyes of the man.

"I do, and with me you will get back this, your old home, and the bones of your ancestors, which you sold to my father."

The sneer in the words caused Rosal Abercrombie to turn deadly pale; but he said, as calmly as he could:

"You will love me then, Helen?"

"No; that is not in my compact with you—I loved Arthur Grenville living, and I love his memory now; I will hate you, but I will be your wife."

"Enough; I am content with my compact. I will indeed be envied, for the world will only see that my bride is in the image of an angel, and not behold that she has the heart of a devil."

"True, but you will know me as I am—as I know you, Rosal Abercrombie. Good-evening, sir," and the revenge-crazed woman swept haughtily from the arbor, while Rosal Abercrombie took up the tell-tale rifle, muttering to himself:

"Ay, my beauty, I will be revenged on you, too, for casting me aside for Arthur Grenville. Yes, I will gain my beautiful wife, and her golden dowry, and once again have back the home of my forefathers."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Helen Brainerd, too, can play at the game of revenge, as you shall know.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 457.)

The End of "Old Bush."

BY EDWARD WILLET.

ONE of the noted desperadoes who during several years infested the Ozark range of mountains in South-west Missouri, was known as "Old Bush." Before he developed into a horse-thief and outlaw in general, he had been in common with many other characters of the same class, a guerrilla, during the great civil war, at the close of which he had found himself unable to settle down to peaceful pursuits, and had devoted his life to depredations upon his fellow-men. His specialty was horse-stealing, but he did not object to an occasional highway robbery, and his exploits were not unaccompanied by such homicides as even he was unable to justify upon the plea of self-defense. He probably possessed a name that was given to him in baptism—supposing him to ever have been baptized; but it had been forgotten by all except himself, and he was known to his fellow-outlaws and to the officers of justice only as "Old Bush."

In the course of his career as a guerrilla, he had been guilty of many cruel and bloody deeds, one of the worst of which was the killing of a Union soldier named Peters, whom he had found at his home, recovering from a severe wound, and had slaughtered him in cold blood. The murdered Unionist had left a brother, many years younger than himself, who, as he progressed from boyhood toward manhood, warmly cherished the memory of his dead brother, and was determined to be revenged upon his assassin for his untimely taking off.

At the age of sixteen Frank Peters was a proficient in the sport of hunting, and was well-versed in the arts of woodcraft. He was an excellent shot, and justly prided himself upon the skill with which he used his squirrel rifle. He ranged extensively through the hills and forests of that sparsely settled region, being well acquainted with the intricacies of the rugged Ozark ranges. In the course of his hunting rambles he believed that he had hit upon the hiding-place of the notorious outlaw, "Old Bush," who had a cabin in a valley clearing, which he seldom visited, but whose favorite haunt was believed to be located in some undiscovered or unvisited portion of Blue Hill, one of the most northerly peaks of the range.

Frank Peters of course knew that the authorities of that section of country were anxious to get the outlaw into their hands, and his own feeling toward "Old Bush" was one of mortal hatred. It was natural for him to believe that he could serve the ends of justice, and at the same time gratify his own longing for vengeance, by leading the authorities to the supposed hiding-place of the outlaw. With this view he put himself in communication with the sheriff of his county, and was directed to first verify his discovery, and then to ascertain the easiest way

of approach to the cavern which he believed to be the habitation of the outlaw.

The boy set out to accomplish this object, armed, as usual, with his squirrel rifle. He ascended Blue Hill, reconnoitered the cavern which he had previously discovered, and entered it when he had satisfied himself that there was nobody within. He found abundant evidence of occupation, including some articles which left him in no doubt of the recent presence of "Old Bush." Then he set himself to discover an entrance and exit to the cavern, and he was also successful, coming upon a bridge-path which had evidently been used by the outlaw for the purpose of taking stolen horses up and down the hill.

Having settled these points to his satisfaction, and being fatigued by his exertions, Frank Peters sat down to rest on a ledge which overhung a wild ravine, and which was backed by a steep acclivity. As he rested there, he sunk into a zone, from which he was rudely aroused by the pressure of a heavy hand and the sound of a coarse voice. Looking up, he saw "Old Bush" standing before him.

There was no mistaking the man. His great size, his outlandish attire, his grizzled red hair and beard, and the look of truculent determination on his face, could belong to none but "Old Bush."

Escape or resistance was hopeless. The boy knew that he was already helpless in the grasp of the giant, who had already possessed himself of the squirrel rifle, and who also carried a superior weapon of his own. There was, besides, a strange expression upon the man's face, which caused Frank to hope that he might possibly be induced to mercy.

"Taint no use, young one," said the outlaw, as the strange expression spread out into a grin. "Reckon you know me, don't you?"

Frank nodded.

"I bet 'Old Bush,' the man you are after. How do I know that you are after me? Why, I have my friends down yonder, and I know everything that's goin' on. Couldn't carry on business without friends. I know that you had to get a horse, and I know you had to get a horse here, and that he had set you on to find out more. So I watched for you. You came to hunt me down, and you have caught me; or I have caught you, which ain't quite the same thing, is it, but—"

As Frank could interpose no plea to this indictment, he discreetly held his tongue.

"You are Frank Peters," continued the outlaw.

"You are the brother of Ben Peters, the man I met in the wood, and I don't blame you for wantin' to get even with me, but I must allow it, you know. By rights I ought to chuck you over that into the sink, but I don't want to do it. I have been sorry that I killed your brother, and I want to keep clear of killin' you. You would excuse to live, wouldn't you?"

Frank nodded again.

"Of course you would, and I mean to give you the chance. But I can't let you go. That wouldn't be safe. You are a smart boy, and would make a splendid horse-thief. If you will come with me and stay with me, I will treat you well and teach you the trade. If not, I must wipe you out. What do you say?"

There was but one answer to make. It was a choice between life and death, and Frank signified his willingness to accompany his captor and to be obedient to him, and "Old Bush," taking the boy by the hand, led him along the ledge until they reached a point where the ravine was quite narrow.

Here there was a crossing, formed by a light log that stretched from ledge to ledge. The boy perceived that the end near which they had stopped was laid securely upon the rock, while the opposite end barely touched the ledge, and was apparently liable to fall off at any moment.

"You must cross first, bub," said the outlaw, "so that I can keep my eye on you. You had better not try to run, as you know that I am a sure shot."

"Is it safe?" asked Frank.

"Of course it is. I've crossed it many a time."

The boy stepped upon the log, and tripped lightly across, followed more warily by "Old Bush," who had taken but a few steps when Frank, having reached the other side, suddenly stooped, and by exerting all his strength, shoved the log off the edge of the ledge.

Down it tumbled, and the boy, starting up, looked to see "Old Bush" accompanying it to the bottom of the ravine.

But the outlaw, turning quickly, gained his side of the ledge by a tremendous effort, and, quick as thought, brought his rifle to his shoulder.

Frank was quite as quick, in both thought and action. He knew that it would be useless to run, and dropped down behind a rock that stood near the edge of the cliff. At that instant the rifle cracked, and a bullet tore through his coat-sleeve and grazed his arm.

When the boy settled down to a perception of the situation he was forced to confess that his desperate act had not been mortally improved his chances. True, he was on one side of the ravine, and his antagonist was on the other; but, if "Old Bush" could not grasp him with his powerful hand, he could reach him with his unerring rifle. He was protected by the rock behind which he had ensconced himself, but it was a poor protection, and he was obliged, in order to avail himself of it, to lie with his face downward. Even then the outlaw could flank his position and get a shot at him, by moving up or down the ledge. This was what "Old Bush" proceeded to do, and the boy was frequently compelled to change his position, to correspond with the movements of his enemy, narrowly escaping several shots that seemed to be fired for the purpose of annoying him. This exercise was both tiresome and dangerous, and the boy began to entertain serious doubts of his ability to endure the blockade.

It was not long, however, that he was able to get a shot at his enemy, and he was not long in the approach of darkness, as the moon was full, and was soon shining with unclouded splendor, lighting up the ledge on which he lay, so as to afford excellent opportunities for marksmanship. The boy, hungry, for, as in time would need sleep, and his constrained position on the hard stone was becoming unendurably painful.

These items had apparently entered into the calculations of the outlaw, who was doubtless convinced that he would easily be able to outlast his young adversary. He called across the ravine, and hailed Frank:

"See here, young one! you can't stand this sort of thing much longer. Git in! hungry, ain't you? I am, and I'm goin' to have some to eat and drink right now. Don't you wish you had some! As you hadn't got it, you might as well go to sleep. Do you kick or turn over in your sleep? Better be keener of such tricks, cause I can draw a bead on them legs of yours, quicker'n the shake of a sheep's tail."

With these consolatory remarks "Old Bush" drew some bread and meat from his haversack, and set to eat at his leisure, moistening his food with frequent draughts from a flask which he carried in his pocket. As his rifle lay across his knee, his meal was not likely to cause him to miss any chances.

This was a period of real torture for Frank Peters, whose limbs were full of aches, and who saw no prospect of extricating himself from his painful and perilous position. He peered around the edge of the rock at the outlaw, whose evident enjoyment of his superior advantages increased the boy's torment.

He was on the point of calling to his antagonist and proposing terms of surrender, when a new element appeared upon the scene, which arrested his interest to the situation.

On the side of the mountain, directly back of the ledge on which he was seated, Frank caught sight of a pair of eyeballs, burning like fire in the deep shadow. Once before the boy had seen such eyeballs, glaring in the darkness of the forest at night, and he did not now need to be told that they were set in the head of a panther.

There, nor did he need to be told that this apparition boded no good to "Old Bush," who continued to enjoy his supper, in happy ignorance of his imminent danger.

With his eyes intently fixed on the opposite acclivity, fascinated by those glaring eyeballs, Frank soon made out the outline of the panther, an immense beast, which was standing erect, lashing its tail, and glaring at its expected prey.

When "Old Bush" arose from his meal, the panther was evidently preparing for a spring, and the boy was sorely tempted to shout and warn his antagonist of his danger. He might have done so, had it not been for a malignant expression to which the outlaw just then gave utterance.

"Now, young one," he said, as he brought his rifle up to his shoulder, "I am going to hunt you."

In an instant the scene was changed. A heavy, dark body shot down from the side of the mountain, clearly revealed as it emerged into the moonlight, and struck "Old Bush" right between his shoulders. He was standing near the edge of the cliff, slightly leaning forward to get a shot at the boy, when the powerful force of the spring carried both him and the panther over into the ravine. A wild cry of surprise and despair was forced from his lips, and then his voice was silenced forever.

Frank Peters crept to the edge of the cliff on his side, and looked over; but he neither saw nor heard anything.

Trembling in every fiber, he slowly rose to his feet, stretched his weary and contracted limbs, slowly made his way down the mountain in the moonlight, and finally reached his home, completely worn out by excitement and exhaustion.

Not until he had been well rested would he say a word to any person concerning his adventures in the mountains. Then he sent for the sheriff of the county, to whom he related his encounter with "Old Bush," and the fatally-fortune appearance of the panther.

The next day a party was made up, headed by the sheriff, which Frank led into the mountains, and guided up the ravine which had witnessed the tragedy of the career of "Old Bush." There the body of the outlaw was found, shockingly mangled. The panther was not visible, but a trail of blood showed where it had limped away. This trail was followed, and the beast was discovered at a considerable distance further up the ravine, quite dead.

As a reward had been offered for "Old Bush," dead or alive, it was adjudged that the reward belonged to Frank Peters.

BANNER BLESSINGS.

BY ANNIE WILTON.

"What is thy banner blessing love?"

Is it our children three?

Who, sporting in the sunlight prove

How precious life can be?

Is it the home-nest I have reared

To count our treasures o'er,

Till each new birdling has endeared

Thee, to me more and more?

"Is it sweet hope, that lights thy way—

Or that majestic fire

Of passion, whose rekindling ray,

Once lit, can never expire?

Is it the thrush of friendship's heart

Beating against thine own

Or memories, which tears will start

When thou art all alone?

"Is it the calm, unaltered truth

That makes thee true

And crowning thee 'ith fadeless youth—

My sweet and trusting wife?

Is it thy mother, sitting there,

Who hath loved thee true

Is it she, with silvery hair,

Bending o'er thy staff so low?

"Is it thy faith, that sweeter grows

When tried, my darling one—

As soulless marble richer glows

When all the chiseling's done?

Is it thy joys, whose sparkling beams

Iradiate thine eye

As flowerets dancing on the streams

Bow prettily and shy?

"Is it the sunshine from Above—

Which lights the earth, the sky?

Dwells



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Sunshine Papers.**Keep Your Mouth Shut.**

It is something that ninety-eight out of every hundred people need to learn—to keep their mouths shut. Not that such a percentage of the population of the world go through life with idiosyncrasy stamped upon their faces by continuously and pertinaciously unclosed mouths; but that they have a most reprehensible fashion of always opening their mouths, when they do open them, at the wrong time. If there is anything that they should keep secret, that is the very fact they are sure to publish. If there is any one person to whom they ought not to repeat a certain remark, that is invariably the person to whom they do repeat it. If they hear some bit of scandal, or an ill-natured remark, which should come to an ignominious death with them, that is the first item of news they communicate to all their acquaintances. If they are in a place where they should keep silent, they fail not to talk. If there is a time when they should restrain their tempers they embrace that opportunity for giving them full play.

If only some people had known when to keep their mouths shut, and had been able to accomplish that most desirable feat, many a failure, many a quarrel, many a law-suit, many a severed marriage bond might have been averted; engagements might have terminated happily that are now remembered only with bitterness and tears; friendships now turned to deadly enmity might exist unbroken; reputations now tarnished might have remained unsullied. Indeed, two-thirds of the sad "might have beens"—"saddest words of tongue or pen"—are the results of mouths opened when they should have been shut.

Strange that an art which, when once thoroughly acquired, is worth more than a gold mine to its possessor, should be familiar to so few!

Some people have yet to learn that during religious services, except when they are requested to sing, or expected to join in the responses, is one of the times when they should keep their mouths shut; and this does not except all clergymen, for it would be better for many of that class of individuals, and vastly better for their hearers, if they, too, could keep their mouths shut. Others would do well to remember that the concert-room, the theater, the lecture-hall, are places where the mouth should be kept shut. It is an insult to performers, an annoyance to the audience, and a sign of ill-breeding, to converse in such place while actor, musician or speaker is entertaining the audience.

Again, when persons hear uncomplimentary criticisms of their acquaintances, instead of hastening to repeat the remarks the first time they encounter those acquaintances, they should resolutely keep their mouths shut; cherishing the unfavorable sayings—if they must remember them at all—for their own private delectation and saving their associates from mortification and wounded feelings. And when your friends by words or actions displease, annoy, wound or insult you, pass it over with shut mouth.

When you hear one intimate friend abusing another, be it never so mildly, keep your mouth carefully shut that you may not make known the abuse to the person abused. When you are asked to praise something that you cannot admire, keep your mouth shut rather than give pain. Every one is not endowed with artistic taste, and it is an insult to tell just what you think about an article in which some one else is taking great delight would be to inflict a grievous wound. It is frequently far more important to keep one's mouth shut than to express one's personal opinions.

If men would keep their mouths shut when they feel tempted to say that they imagine Mr. Troubled's business is in rather a tight place, or they are rather suspicious of Mr. Queer's character, Mr. Troubled might ride over his vexations, and Mr. Queer gain an excellent situation, and the families of both live in peace and comfort. Many men have been ruined financially, morally, and spiritually, and their families with them, because other men, and women, too, could not keep their mouths shut at times when reticence, kindly association,

trustworthy shakes of the hand, and friendly smiles, might have led them onward and upward. The moral taught by the tale of the three black crows will be a truism as long as this world exists. And learning to keep the mouth shut is the only remedy for the misery that results, daily, from the stories that have grown with the telling from "something black as a crow" to a veritable trio of these disgusting birds.

Keep your mouth shut—no matter how intimate a relationship you may sustain to a party—whenever you feel like speaking to a wife concerning her husband, or to a husband concerning his wife. Ah! the scattered family circles, the ruined homes, the saddened ties, the desolated hearts, that have resulted from the inability of friends and relatives to keep their mouths shut. And, wives, keep your mouths shut when husband is cross, or tantalizing, or goes astray—unless you can say something gentle and loving. Husbands, keep your mouths shut when wife is peevish, or irritable, or domestic matters have gone awry, unless you can be tender, and cheerful, and patient. If one will not quarrel, two cannot!

There are some persons who talk so incessantly that they need to learn to keep their mouths shut some of the time, and some persons who talk so ignorantly, or so nonsensically, that the people they annoy would be grateful if such could acquire the art of keeping their mouths shut. Keep the mouth shut over slang, oaths, unkind sarcasms, taunts, ill-natured retorts. And close the lips firmly when the repetition of a scandal would voice itself upon them. If you cannot say anything good of a person keep your mouth shut. If you can only say a little that is good, make that known, and then shut your mouth. Keep your mouth shut over gossip, and keep your mouth shut, above and beyond all, upon scandal. Believe every man one of sobriety until you know him dissipated, and even then keep your mouth shut concerning his failings, unless you can do himself or some one else good by cautious and private mention of them. Believe every person virtuous as long as possible, and when you are convinced to the contrary, do not aim to convince all the rest of the world concerning your discovery, but keep your mouth shut.

Believe every one honest until convicted a thief, and then say as little about it as you can. You can do most good to the world, not by prying out and canvassing people's shortcomings, but by keeping your mouth shut. Let the workings of earthly and divine laws deal with the offenders. Keep your mouth shut about every one else's business; and remember that he who applies the same rule to his own, is wise in his day and generation. And are my readers deeming it about time to say, "Keep your mouth shut" to—
A PARSON'S DAUGHTER!

IMPROVIDENT PEOPLE.

A LITTLE bit of a while ago I received the following missive from some suffering individual, with whom "patience had ceased to be a virtue," and who came to me to pour "oil upon the troubled waters":

"If Eve Lawless is writing essays again, I do wish you would ask her to say something about a seed—people who have the same chance to save the seed from year to year that others have, yet never do so. Big, yellow, bouncing cumbars, for instance, are thrown into the back yard or given to the boys for footballs, when they might just as easily be laid on the shelf for seed-time, and so save their owners, or beggars, or the seed of persons who might be scolded for negligence of this sort."

My good friend, I fear that the daisies will have grown for many a year over our graves ere this race of improvident people dies out. They are actually too lazy to save; they find it to be less trouble to beg and to borrow than to be provident, and they are very impatient—those just the word I do mean—to come and ask of you that which they have been too abominably lazy to provide for themselves. One does not like to refuse, nor does one like to say harsh things to one's neighbor, but doesn't one often feel like telling these persons that you cannot save for them, and asking them why they haven't been as thoughtful for themselves as they ask others to be for them?

I have known individuals who thought it to be exceedingly "prim," and an "old maidish" action to pick up a pin and put it by in case of need, and yet are the very first to pester and plague one's life out for the little fastener. It is a very common exemplification of the fact that many people let others do the saving they should do themselves—let others slave for their good, wear themselves out in their service. If you dare complain one bit, you are put down as one without feeling, kindness or Christianity.

Why isn't it just as well to put away the periodicals, when one has done reading them, so that, if a person desires to read a continued story, the most interesting chapter will not be "nobody knows where," because no one has had the forethought to see that the collection is complete. Books out of a set are mislaid, letters are carried away because some one has been mean enough to appropriate your careful savings.

I think one reason of there being so many tramps roving about the country—or rather one reason that has caused so much of the tramping—is because people have been improvident when they had steady work and good wages, thinking that such a state of affairs would last forever.

Neighbor Thomas comes over to borrow a saw, hatchet, scythe, knife, or maybe the use of the grindstone, because, as he remarks, his articles "are never fit to use, or are never to be found." He has but himself to blame, for he never puts away his implements when he is done using them; they are left out to rust and rot.

It does seem hard that the thoughtful ones should have to pay for those who are thoughtless—that the thrifty should suffer for the sins of omission in the shiftless; yet so it has generally been, and so, I presume—though I hope not—it will continue to be.

Farmer B. goes to town with his produce and sells at regular prices, not knowing that the prices have advanced until his return, when he discovers the fact and that it was noted in Neighbor Sam's paper. Now he "thinks it mighty mean in Sam in not bringing over his paper and telling him." It is a genuine case of "served him right." Mean, indeed! Isn't he meaner still for not subscribing to a paper of his own, and isn't he meaner still if such a thing be possible—to be mad with Sam ever afterward?

"For all hard things to bear and grin, The hardest is knowing you're taken in."

But, in a good many cases, the verdict must be, as I have said—"Served 'em right!" A mean man is not always a shiftless one, but the improvident are always both mean and shiftless, is the opinion of
EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.**My Grandfather's Clock.**

MR. EDITOR:—I believe that I haven't the least little bit of a doubt about my person but that my grandfather's clock was a true, sensible piece of old-fashioned machinery, and stopped—short—never to go again, when the old man died, but the song continues to travel on along the journey of life at the rate of a thousand hours the mile, spreading harmony over waste places, and tearfully reminding you that life is short as a pair of store pants. That song that I ever saw, heard, or went anywhere, none of your twenty-four-hour things. It goes without having to be wound up, though it badly needs to be wound up.

I have always been greatly affected by the singing of songs. It seems to lift me off my feet like a school-master; it goes clear down into the depths of the Sutor tunnel of my soul; it soothes the aching in my ears like sweet oil. I never hear a beautiful young lady sing a tender song but I fall immediately in love with her, and I am therefore always greatly distressed because the affection is not reciprocally returned; but now, when I chance to ask a young lady to favor me with a song, she is sure to commence "My Grandfather's Clock," and then I break for the front exit and from the next corner send back for my hat.

I hear it whistled on the street from the time the butcher's boy goes by at 12:15 A. M., until the restaurant boy goes home at 12 P. M., sharp. Every hand organ that stops under my window, convenient for me to drop a brick on it, plays that song till I can get the window up. Brass bands which I used to like to hear so well, start off on something excellent but wind up on "My Grandfather's Clock." Our hired girl in the kitchen has had it bad for six months, and I finally promised to pay her ten cents for every time she didn't sing it, but by that arrangement she owes me about forty-five hundred dollars to date. I, hem, I hum it myself; that aggravates the very system of my life, and keeps me continually hanging over the ragged edge of the lunatic asylum. It rolls over and over in my head when I lie down to sleep and can't say my prayers. When I get up to sing in our little church a good way around several corners, the words of the hymn I sing drift very naturally into the tune of "My Grandfather's Clock," and my wife pinches me on the arm, while I endeavor to switch back onto the tune again. When I ride on the cars the clack-click of the wheels plays the tune on the rails at the rate of forty miles an hour, so that the importunities of the peanut-boy, and the frequent shakes of the conductor to ask me to show my ticket again, seem a kind of pleasing interval of relief.

When I go down-street my feet keep time with the undying tune of "My Grandfather's Clock." I have heard of a man who was so devotedly devoted to his heart and bunnies how piercing into the heart of my feet, and if I stop a friend, he has to quit whistling it before he can take the pucker out of his lips to talk to me.

In my dreams little imps and impasses sit around on my bed-posts, all mouths, singing the tune like a band of refreshed minstrels, or at other times I sing it myself until my wife wakes me up by slamming me over the head with a pillow.

The other evening Jones asked me to his house to hear a new song which his family had just learned to perfection. They began to sing that tune—the air began to turn blue—everything began to reel and I reeled myself; the fresh air out doors did me good. As I ran along I heard the chorus of the song dying away in the distance, but before it died it was fortunately caught up and revived by two young fellows just ahead of me.

The music of it stares threateningly at me from every music-store window. It is always in my mouth, and I can't for my life spit it out, or wash it down, and if I keep my mouth shut it hums itself through my nose; the pigs in the back alley squeal it, and the old hogs seem to grunt out the base to it. It haunts me everywhere I go as well as where I don't go, like the persistent ghost of a departed creditor who is bound never to give up. The birds which I used to like to hear singing their praises, as I laid in bed in the morning, all sing "My Grandfather's Outrageous Timepiece" so that I have greatly enlarged my ears in trying to stuff the bed-clothes in them, and just now, as between the pauses I try to write, four fellows are singing it as they sit across on the curb-stone.

I can't run away from it because it runs faster than I can and overtakes me, and to think, a year ago I was afraid I was threatened with deafness and hired three doctors to cure me! When my wife gives me a lecture now—and she is a lecture bureau herself—it sounds like soothing music in my ears, and I never interrupt her any more.

I have tried every way to get it out of my system, but I can't find an antidote. Thinking that by persistent playing I might play it out, I got an accordion and played nine hours without meals, but the song was still there!

Mr. Editor, I ask your sympathy; do not decline it with thanks, though I think you have much of that matter on hand. It is a hopeless case, and I think I am lost. I only weigh seventy pounds now, and am reduced to the last cent. Life used to be sweet; before my days began to be counted on my grandfather's clock my fortune beamed with glorious ambitions and golden prospects, and gayly ran the stream of Time. I had thought of enduring a little longer by diving into the heart of Africa, but of course it is there. I have used all kinds of disinfectants to no purpose, and had hoped that when frost came there would be a change.

WASHINGTON WHITEHOEN.

Speak kindly of me; say I had my faults but—there's my wife singing "My Grandfather's Aggravating, Outlandish, Rascally, Awful Old Clock," and I haven't heard her sing anything before for fifteen years! This is too much!!!

LIFE LESSONS.

THE one lesson of every sickness, every pain, every trouble, every catastrophe, is to learn how to prevent its recurrence. Cure is a good thing, but prevention is a thousand times better. The best possible use of the physician is to keep out of trouble. The moral of misfortune is to shun whatever can possibly invite it. Every evil we endure is a providential pinch of our flesh, or nudge at our elbow, to open our eyes to the immutable laws of the universe, and the penalties that result inevitably from their violation. In every fire it would seem that Heaven tries to burn a lesson of caution and watchfulness, of safe construction and agencies for extinguishment.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Bound Out," "Wolfs' in Ike," "Jesse Black," "Grand Pa's Defeat," "Romary," "Winter," "Whose Was the Defeat?" "Roman," "A Night," "Jesse's Thanksgiving," "Her Freedom," "An Awful Mistake," "Dick's Stinginess," "His Thankfulness," "Lester's Love," "Dell's Engagement."

Declined: "Dick Darling," "How the Sea Bird," "The Miner's Story," "Thanksgiving," "The Indignant Critic," "His Good Heart," "A Secret," "Last Words," "One Life," "A Daughter's Rise," "The Bidden Guest," "The Good the Gods Give," "Three Hours," "Sullen Bonds," "Yes—yes," "Banding the Beautiful Arm," "How Well it Was!"

I. N. E. All deer meat is venison. Prairie-hen is not grouse, nor is grouse prairiehen.

H. D. Do not care to give criticisms on MS. It is a thankless task at best.

JOHN McF. "Gold Dan" (the successor of "Velvet Hand") is in No. 41 of BEADLE'S DIME LIBRARY.

H. K. We have no way for matter of the nature of your little contributions. Why not send them to N. Y. Home Journal?

PETER S. Have answered by mail. Be sure to follow directions. Indigestion is the source of many bodily ills.

T. O. G. Of course it is proper to present your friend's sisters each a Christmas gift. Choose some article both pretty and in some way useful.

MARY KENT. If the gentleman is agreeable and generous, accept his offer, and advance in a manner to convince him that you are not indifferent to his merits.

W. P. S. See "Life of Crockett" in BEADLE'S DIME BIOGRAPHIES series. All second-hand book-dealers are "book exchangers." But you'll get very little indeed from them for your books. They usually pay little and charge much.

F. B. W. We have no "amateur tragedy book," nor is there such a book published. See French's list for pamphlet copies of all the great tragedies. We can give no particular directions for making a scout's suit. Try and see Buffalo Bill in his scout costume.

ELBERT. Encourage your niece to come to your house; get her confidence and love; try and so arrange as to anticipate her wishes and make her content; go out with her to evening entertainments; anything is proper to break up her tendency to melancholia and to bring her forward in society.

ZABRISKIE TOM. There are no "alcades" in California. The correct spelling is alcalde—a judge or local governor under the old Spanish régime, and in force when the American flag was planted in California; but with that seizure all Mexican offices were made to conform to our own. The word alcalde is applied only to the governor of a department, or castle, or fort.

W. H. M. Everything is not due to your wife. By marrying you did not absolve yourself from the claims of your sister. It is not only your right but your duty to see that she is happy as far as you can make her so. To deny her the old confidence and intimacy is more than cruel; it is wrong, as you will discover if your denial of love should estrange and change her.

PRISCILLA. A brown or black silk is always in style. If your form is full and imposing the plain is more becoming than the stripes or plaids. Your father does not object to your providing yourself with the dress for the New Year's reception, it will be a very sensible and economical way of earning it to let the three or four gentlemen have their way in the matter. No lady is lessened in a real gentleman's estimation by showing her willingness to render services for a money consideration.

AXIE says: "A young gentleman sits at church in the pew directly in front of ours. He is a nice young fellow that I like, but he is a horrid singer. He sings bass—he only grows louder as he goes on, sometimes that he is forbidden the church. I don't want to hurt his feelings, but if something isn't done I shall have to change my seat. I do wish some suggest." Lay the matter before the church authorities—write him a note—choke him! Such a singer is worse than a wheezy pig organ.

BON INGLISS. It will be perfectly proper for you to invite the young lady with whom you are keeping company to take dinner at your house upon Christmas Day. The fact that you are not yet formally engaged to her does not make any difference. Nor need the young lady feel any diffidence about accepting such an invitation, simply because you have no sisters. Certainly, if you have received your invitation, it is not in the least out of the way for your friend to visit you at your home on that occasion. If she will not be so kind as to advise, a note from your mother will probably overcome her excessive scrupulousness.

LEONA RAY says: "Do you think it wrong for a young lady to act as a maid?" I have been urged by a number of friends to take the part, as all of the other young ladies solicited have refused. But I do not wish to do so until I have some distinct assurance from you. Tell me what you think about the propriety of it. Will you give me your advice? With pleasure. There is no more to be said in acting as a maid, than a witness in such a case; and the only question of propriety is whether such cases should be familiar to the young ladies of the world. I think so, in all, if, however, your friends see nothing objectionable in such a mock trial theme, there need be no further hesitancy on your part about accepting the position assigned you. Certainly, if you act your part well, more credit accrues to it than to any minor rôle.

LEWIS LYNN says: "I waited upon a young lady for some time, and she was very much pleased with me, that she said I was 'silly,' and since then I have not spoken to her. But I heard from a lady friend that the girl still thought me a considerable person, and she would give anything to make up with me. Now, I have commenced to go with another young lady, but one I do not think so much of as I did of the first one. What would you advise me to do? Would you make up with the girl I like best?" We presume you mean, would we advise you to "make up" with the girl you like the better? As you have treated her so coolly entirely upon hearsay evidence it is very possible that you have done her much injustice, and it is better that you should endeavor to explain matters. Tell her what you have done, and let her have an opportunity to defend herself, since she still cares for you. When she states exactly what she did say, you may find that you are very different from what you supposed. Certainly, give her a chance to be friendly with you again, since you are willing to admit that you are still fond of her. You may be happy yet.

TUNGATABOO. Mahomet was an Arabian. His followers now far outnumber the Christians. His religious system is a most admirable adaptation of the New Testament doctrines to the capacity and temper of the wild races of Asia and Africa. It has many educated men and statesmen, and devout followers. Mahomet gave his "Koran" or Sacred Book publicly, in chapters, or revelations, after his forced flight from Mecca (in Arabia) A. D. 622. It was not his own work, but that of a Persian Jew, a Nestorian Christian and a Jacobite, who were nominally his scribes, but who really were the authors of the book. It was made to conform to the religious ideas of the day, and, as a system, has been marvellously successful. The whole of Central Asia is now Mohammedan. The Afghans are such. So are vast proportions of the natives of Hindostan. Irving's "Life of Mahomet" is the book to read. The "Moors," whose wondrous civilization in Spain and astonished Europe, were Arabs. Arab literature for eight centuries succeeding Mahomet, was the most noted during that time—what was the era of the so-called "Dark Ages."

ELLA HOOKER writes: "Do please tell me of something quite new, pretty and inexpensive that I can make for a Christmas gift for my sister-in-law who is newly married and has just commenced house-keeping? I want it to be something ornamental. Toilet-bottles covered with silk or satin (the latter is preferable) are easily made and are pretty. A quarter of a yard of satin, three-quarters of a yard of ribbon, nearly an inch wide, and two pretty scrap-pictures will cost you from thirty to forty cents. If you buy your bottles set with two or twenty-five cents extra; but any pair of good-shaped bottles that you have at home will do as well. Sew the satin on the wrong side, so that when turned right side out it will fit tightly. Then draw over the bottle and under the bottom of the bottle and again around the neck of it. If your bottles have not the glass stoppers, glass covers, leaving them half an inch above the glass, and cover with a bit of the satin. Take a strip of satin, two inches wide, and cut it into strips with very narrow white lace, and plait or box-plait the strip very full, through the center, and fasten it around the neck of the bottle; and through the middle of this quilling the ends too short. Adorn the center of each bottle with a pretty floral scrap-picture. Bottles covered smoothly with this way with white, scarlet, or blue satin, the quilling edged with white lace and tied with white ribbons, and adorned with a picture of white lilies or roses set in green leaves, are exceedingly pretty. If the bottles have the glass stoppers they may be useful as well as ornamental. A lady who understands the use of colors and fancy inks can monogram or initial the bottles very prettily.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE EVENING OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

'Tis autumn time, and just below,
Those wreaths of thin blue smoke
From hamlet-house are rising slow,
And golden tapers crown the dark.
In silence white the burial ground
In yonder quiet valley lies,
And weeping willows grow around
Where lettered-headstones rise.

The friends that trod those winding lanes
In the years forever dead
Are resting there where silence reigns—
While angels guard each bed.
Their faces though again I see
Through the years that lie between,
As the shadows gather o'er the lea,
Mid the graves and evergreen.

Childhood's friends, the maiden fair,
Who loved me so long ago,
Come back to me, and thro' the still air
Whisper echoes soft and low.
I hear a voice, a long-loved voice,
Speaking sweetly to my heart—
"Oh! weary heart, be calm! rejoice!
We'll meet on heaven's fair plain!"

Maud's Ambition.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"KEITH LENNOX! Marry Keith Lennox—Ada, are you crazy? I'd as soon think of cutting off my right arm as marrying Keith Lennox, or any other man who is not able to give me a better place to live in than this."

Maud Lawrence tossed her pretty golden-haired head, and looked at her indignant contempt at her sister Ada's mention of Keith Lennox's name.

"I am afraid you expect so much more than you will ever get from him. We are poor, obscure people, Maud, and it would be very unreasonable if a Prince Charming should come along and select either of us for his consort. And besides, Keith is a good fellow, Maud, and earning a salary equal to papa's. If all of us can live on twelve hundred a year, and such terrible doctor's bills for mamma, I am sure two healthy, strong young people ought to live on the same sum very luxuriously and save money in the bargain."

Ada's tone was earnest and gentle, and Maud felt obliged to listen, although there was a little sarcastic smile on her red lips.

"Twelve hundred a year! Ada, you don't seem to understand that I never, never will be satisfied unless I make a grand match. I ought to do it, Ada, for although, as you say, we are poor and obscure, I am pretty. I only speak of my appearance as so much stock in trade; I have a fair education; you have often told me I had 'style' enough to wear the strawberry leaves; and I am positive I would enjoy the position of a wealthy man's wife, and by that I mean, a position that can command hoises and lands, horses and carriages, servants in livery and powder, a villa at the sea-shore, one in the mountains, a—"

Ada interrupted her with a little exclamation of almost concern.

"Child, how you are running on! You surely know how worse than folly it is for you to build such impossible chateaux d'Espagne; why, Maud, a princess could hardly have more than you want."

Maud laughed and flushed, looking ravishingly sweet and piquant with her blue eyes all aglow, her mouth dimpling, and her cheeks glowing.

"Oh, but you interrupted me before I said all I want—and mean to have, too! I know there are diamonds, and grand costumes and European tours waiting for me, some time, somewhere, Maud, and when you deliberately advise me to marry Keith Lennox—I! Well, the insanity of the idea is appalling."

Ada opened her sewing-machine with a little sigh.

"Notwithstanding everything, I suppose your blue organdie must be finished in time for the new party to-morrow. And poor Keith will be there."

An impatient frown puckered up Maud's fair forehead.

"And what if he is? So will Mr. Holland, and Jennie Gatzmer's good-looking brother, and Phil Barry and—oh, dozens of young men. Only I don't know of you need say 'poor Keith'; he has twelve hundred a year, you know."

Her blue eyes sparkled saucily, but Ada, winning a bobbin did not see it, and answered gravely enough.

"I was not speaking of him financially. I am sorry for him, because he worships you, and you intend to throw him over."

Maud laughed deliciously—music that of itself was a rare charm.

"Why don't you take him, Ada? You two suit each other remarkably well—and leave me to arrange my own affairs. Ada—" and the sweet voice suddenly dropped its gay, bantering tone, and was so seriously grave and resolute that Ada looked instantly up—"Ada, if Mr. Pemberton asks me, I shall accept him."

"Mr. Pemberton! Mr. Pemberton! Maud, my darling, don't say such a horrible thing again, even in jest! You sicken me, you frighten me—that wicked old man—oh, Maud, surely, surely you are only teasing me?"

For there was a resolute tone on Maud's grave face that emphasized her words, and she said, "Is he a wicked old man? Oh, of course he is not young—as—Keith Lennox—but you will not deny that he is—oh! awfully rich—a 'Bonzan king' they call him, don't they? Papa says he's worth at least five million dollars."

The blue eyes were flashing and glowing on Ada's horrified face.

"Maud! What matter a thousand million if you must have it at such a—such a horrible sacrifice! He is so vulgar, so—so loud—so flashy, so old—why, his youngest child is nearly as old as you, Maud, and his wife hasn't been dead a year yet!"

Maud laughed again—that silvery little melody that had made Rufus Pemberton once boast before a bar-room full of admiring, envious comrades, that "if money could buy that laugh and the girl who run it, he'd be the purchaser."

"Well, there—there, don't let's talk about it. Put the Torcheon lace on those ruffles, dear, and I'll look sweet! I do hope to-morrow I'll be a fair day, don't you?"

Then she went off to her room on some pretext or other, and Ada sat and sewed and grieved, and tried to hope that after all Maud would never let her mercenary ambition ruin her happiness.

Mr. Rufus Pemberton sat in his magnificent library that snowy, blustering morning, a look of perplexed annoyance on his coarse face as he read over and over again a letter he had just finished writing, in the construction of which he had wasted an hour, possibly, and which yet seemed unsatisfactory.

And the letter was to Maud Lawrence, to whom he had been engaged to be married since the day of the famous picnic, several months before, when Maud had been so ravishingly beautiful in her pale-blue organdie, with her golden curls flying, her pink cheeks flushing and dimpling, her exquisite laugh ringing silvery.

The letter was to Maud Lawrence, who had been living in a seventh heaven of feverish delight and exultation that her wildest dreams were to be realized—until these last few weeks when it seemed as if fate herself was bound to be avenged for the outrage Maud was so deliberately perpetrating on her own heart and finer nature.

For terrible misfortune had come to Maud Lawrence: terrible sickness that had spent all its power of fury on her, wrecking her for life, wasting her wonderful beauty, and dooming her to speak in hoarse, whispering tones; then, as if her evil genius could not be sufficiently appeased by such pitiful sacrifices, her disease settled in her hip and Maud was lamed for life!

It was when she was recovering her physical strength—maimed and marred for all time though she was—that Rufus Pemberton made up his coarse, sensual mind to get off his bargain with the girl whose beauty and grace he had thought a good exchange for his money.

And the letter that bothered him was the letter to the girl he had asked to marry him, telling her, in plain, clumsy terms, that he no longer wanted her.

And it went into Maud's cheerful little invalid bedroom, where there was sunshine, and where there were flowers and a bird and a kitten, and new novels, and a bit of gay zephyr work—it went into the brightness and comfort, like a cruel sword thrust into quivering flesh, hurting and stinging Maud's sensitive pride, and making her desperate in her shame and rage, and making Ada send up praises of thanksgiving even when she counted the price.

After that came the darkest days Maud Lawrence had ever known. More sickness and trouble followed, and death came and left the two girls alone and entirely unprovided for. They were obliged to go away from the pleasant little home that never before had seemed so pleasant to poor Maud; and the actual from day-to-day-fight with the world began; and Maud in her helplessness and misery had to sit by and let brave-hearted, cheerful-souled Ada earn the bread and cheese for them to eat.

It was during those days that the discipline of adversity worked its effect on Maud's subdued spirit, and she saw what a grand man Keith Lennox was. Keith Lennox who had stood by them in all their circumstances, who had been Ada's counselor, comforter, friend; and who now, Maud saw with a bitterness of pain she never dreamed could come to her through Keith Lennox—she saw would one day be still near her.

For Ada's eyes would brighten when he came, invariably asking for her; and when, through the day Maud would speak of him, Ada would flush and look conscious, and then Maud would feel the bitter pain, and tell herself her sense and better self had been awakened only in time to discover it was too late to be of avail.

It all culminated one day, when Ada went into the quiet little room where Maud sat trying to eke out their close income, making some lace trimming for the stores.

"I want to have a little talk with you, dear, about our affairs. I suppose we—I mean Keith and I—might have waited a little longer before we told you, but Keith asked me to tell you today, and so, dear, put down your work and listen."

Poor Maud! A look at Ada's sweet, peaceful happy face told her what was to be said, and although it was worse pain than any one could have told, Maud hushed the sorrowful sobs that were stirring in her heart before they reached her poor, quivering lips. Ada gently caressed the little white hand that lay quiet on the dainty lace-work, as she talked.

"You see, dear, Keith thought it best that we should do nothing until everything was arranged, but now—he has got the little cottage here, and now—oh, such a darling nest of a house, and Maud, it is all furnished so beautifully, and this afternoon he is to come for us in a carriage and take us out to see it. Maud, you don't begin to know what a splendid fellow Keith is!"

Maud smiled a pitiful, patient little ghost of a smile.

"I know he is, Ada, a dear, good fellow."

"And there couldn't be a better for a brother-in-law, Maud!"

Ah! It was a delicate, roundabout way to tell it, but, all the same, there went a pain like a dagger through Maud's heart. A brother-in-law! Well—yes, that was what she was to be to her—she, who had once thrown him contemptuously aside for a man who had—sickened her as she thought of it all, and compared the two, and realized her loss, she—lame, sick, voiceless! Nevertheless it was a gentle, patient face that smiled at Keith Lennox, as he stood on the little rose-bordered piazza waiting for them; very pure, lovely eyes that time or sickness never would dim, but that trouble had made more beautiful and soulful than ever, that looked up in his eager, grandly tender face as he lifted her from the carriage.

"Welcome! Come in, and make yourselves at home, because you have told her, haven't you, Ada, that we are here for good? You told her the marriage is to take place here, this afternoon?"

Another of those agony thrills shot through her, then she smiled bravely at Keith and Ada.

"How delicious! Only, Ada's not dressed enough like a bride."

She said it, scarcely knowing what she said. Then, Ada's arms were around her neck, and Keith was holding her two hands, and looking down in her astonished eyes.

"But Ada is not the bride, Maud! It is you, my darling, you for whom I have been waiting so long, whom I want above all things, for whom I have made this little home—you, Maud, and the clergyman is waiting in the parlor to make you my wife! Maud!—Ada, tell her to say yes!"

No need for Ada's intercession, for the look of ineffable happiness in those deep, sweet eyes, that gleamed on, and radiated from every feature of that rare sweet face answered Keith as man never before was answered.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SUN SHINES THROUGH A CLOUD.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own voice with the tender eye,
When she sang in a sudden, passionate cry—
There is some one dying or dead?—TENNYSON.

When Philip Armory sent up his card from one of the parlors of the Everett House, the morning following his visit to the opera, to Madame Franca, only the dark-faced servant came down.

"Madame cannot see you this morning Mr. Armory. She is in affliction. There has been—sudden illness—and death. Monsieur Franca—she is dead. He died—of pneumonia, about—an hour ago. Madame begs you will call again this evening, and—requests that you do not speak of her—to any one."

The woman was evidently intensely excited, yet making a great effort to restrain herself. She spoke with curious hesitation; a deep light glittered in her eyes, it would almost seem as if for very joy.

As for Philip, he could not, at first, speak at all. He was utterly confounded by this news.

That fierce, dark man who had sung with her last night, dead! Kitty, a widow! Free! His heart gave a wild leap of exultation—then sunk cold and numb, half-appalled at its own selfishness. Kitty in trouble! That was the way to think of it—Kitty mourning her dead!

It was fully two minutes before he answered the messenger:

"Can I, then, be of no help?"

She stood silent, and he waited.

"My mistress cannot see any one. She is in hysterics—I must go back to her, at once."

"I will be here, then, this evening at eight."

Philip, when he returned to the bank, pleaded illness and was excused from work. He would have made some mistake, he had attempted any arithmetic that day. Going home, he shut himself up in his room, giving to his mother that convenient excuse—headache.

Meantime, at the hotel, there was considerable excitement over the death of M. Franca, even the capricious, headstrong, and somewhat much put out about it; it was inconvenient for him. He would lose his prima-donna, too; for she had already sent him word that she should never sing on the stage again.

Much sympathy was felt for the young and lovely creature who exhibited all the symptoms of profound grief.

The truth was that Kitty's nerves had, for a year and a half, been under such a constant and terrible strain, that, when this sudden, unexpected relief came—and, added to that, the cold, the fever, the pneumonia—she had, for hours, all control of herself, going from one spasm of hysteria into another, until nature was utterly exhausted and she fell into a deep and deathlike sleep.

She had awakened from the refreshing sleep, had a cup of tea, and Teresa had combed out the tangles of her long, silken hair and thrown about her young mistress a richly-embroidered white cashmere dressing-gown, when Mr. Armory's card came up again.

"Help me out into my sitting-room, Teresa; then, bring this in, and do you sit down by the door, and see that we are not interrupted."

Philip trembled so that he could hardly stand when he found himself clasping the marble hand which Kitty held out to him.

She had done with weeping, now; done with nervous shiverings and sobs. She stood before him, pale, calm and lovely as some moon-lily.

"Mr. Armory, it is kind of you to come. I did not feel that I could bear the excitement of meeting my father to-day. I want you to tell him first that I am here, and tell him some of the things that I think it is important he should hear. You may think strange that I choose you for my messenger, but I know you are a true friend of mine. How are Miss Bayard and Mr. Fenn?—are they married?"

"Married, and very happy, I believe. The only trouble they have in the world is the anxiety they feel about you, I have been told."

He wondered to find her so tranquil, speaking in an ordinary tone.

"A great good fortune has befallen me to-day, Mr. Armory. I thank God for it! I thank him that the man who lies in yonder room is dead. Oh, I am free again—I can breathe once more!" stretching her round white arms up with a passionate gesture. "You are surprised! Listen! that abhorrent man, who lies there dead, never was my husband. It is true, he cheated me into a ceremony, which,

"Please do not speak to me, Count Ciarini," she said to him, holding out her white arms as if to keep him away. "Yet, stay! I have one request to make of you. It is—that you do not seek to punish Alberto for the crimes he did against you. He is—my husband—now."

The count bowed low as he answered:

"For your sake, thank God, for the sake of the pleasant past—I consent not to lay a straw in Alberto's way. May your life with him be happy and prosperous; I shall not disturb it."

His beautiful lips curled with scorn of a woman who could debase herself to live with that scoundrel. Kitty saw the contempt, but her lips were sealed—she could only look at him with a dilating gaze of love, horror, shame, longing, desperation: Alberto was at her elbow, his fierce eyes watched her with malignant cunning, and she had to allow the count to bow again, and pass on, haughtily, biting his lips with annoyance, out of the theater. Ah! the count did not hear that low cry of despair that broke from her struggling heart when he was gone; he did not see her fall like an overtoppled statue prone upon the floor.

Teresa had much to do to get her young mistress back to her senses, and dressed for her next entrance on the stage. Happily there was quite a scene before the *prima donna* would be called. Yet, even then, Kitty would never have moved herself to the effort had she not hoped to see the count again in his box when she went out on the stage. She did not see him, however; he had left the opera house in a passion of scorn, anger, wounded feelings. Despair did for her, then, what it has done for many another woman—kept her up to the pitch of the part she had attempted; so that the impressive yet cruel and desecrating scene, with its passion and child act with such fiery vehemence, with passion and energy only to be expected of experience.

Next morning, the dark-browed servant, who had stood near her young mistress during that brief interview the night before, came to the count's hotel with a letter; but the count had just gone off in the omnibus for the train—it would be too late if she attempted to meet him.

So, the explanation of the strange situation in which he found her, that Kitty had made and delivered, and Kitty did not have the count's address in Venice.

After that Kitty brooded, deeply and often; over the temptation to suicide. The fear of Carlo's contempt had ever been the keenest of all her sufferings in the difficult and perilous position to which her helplessness on board the yacht had condemned her.

"All is over between him and me," she said to herself, in bitter grief. "His pride would prevent his having anything to do with me. I have no hope left. I have no more to live for. I shall die."

Philip Armory, sitting on the sofa, talking to him! Philip felt the old spell of his playful witchery creeping over him. There were "none like her—none!"

"Thank God, you are safe," fervently.

"I do thank God," answered Kitty, with sudden, sweet solemnity. "Do not think me heartless, Mr. Armory, because I can be almost gay in the presence of sudden death. If you could only imagine half what I have suffered!" with a shudder.

"Why! only last evening, when I saw you in the parquette looking at me with those reproachful eyes, I was the most miserable girl on the face of the earth. If Alberto had lived, I should have kept the secret of my life with him, for he had my promise. My only hope, yesterday, was that he would squander my fortune quickly, and then, when he had gotten the last dollar, let me go. Now, to-day, I am free! I am Kitty Kanell again! My heart sings in my breast. I cannot help it. I shall be with my father—I shall see Lilia and Florian—I shall go with joy! You will tell papa all about it to-night; to-morrow he will come for me!"

Philip said "yes," but he said it with a sigh. He had no part in this joy of Kitty's; he was only a convenience to her; she had sent for him because he was the first acquaintance who presented himself on her return.

"Go now, Mr. Armory," cried Kitty, with all her old impulsiveness. "Fly! tell papa all. He will be so glad to hear of this. I shall be home early. I want to breakfast with him! I shall be up and waiting. I shall be awfully grateful to you. Where do you live now? How is your dear, kind mother?"

She was her father's housekeeper. You will see her in the morning."

She did not notice the bitterness in the poor clerk's tone.

"I am so glad! How nice it is for my father to have such a lady in place of Miss Parsley. Kiss your dear mother for me, Mr. Armory. And now, please go. I shall be waiting for you when you are telling papa. It will take you an hour to reach him—it is half-past eight now—at half-past nine you will stand in his august presence and say: 'Kitty wants to come home! Kitty is waiting for her papa to come for her!'"

She burst into a silvery laugh of pure joy. The echo of that laugh crept into the adjoining room where Alberto lay still under a white pall—he could not rouse himself and put down that laugh with a cruel look out of his wicked eyes.

Poor girl! He had made her suffer agonies throughout her life, and now, when she was about to be free, he was met with a cruel look out of his wicked eyes.

After Philip went away, Kitty said to her servant:

"Undress me quickly, Teresa; I am tired and sleepy. Ah, Heaven! how sweet it is to dare to sleep soundly once more! Teresa, are you glad for me or sorry for him?"

"I am glad for madame," answered Teresa, quietly; and so she was.

At first her interest had been for her employer; but Kitty had long since won her hard woman's heart, who had been so watchful and faithful servant to her. It would have been dangerous for Alberto to have attempted to break over his promise, with that dragon guarding her sweet young mistress.

"Dear soul, how like an infant she sleeps!" murmured Teresa, as, in the dawn open door, after she had tucked her in bed, Kitty went off into childish dreams, with smiling, parted lips and rosy cheeks kissed by curling tendrils of silky hair.

There were hired watchers for the dead; so the woman devoted herself to her mistress, snatching a little rest from time to time, as she sat in an arm-chair all night by Kitty's bed.

Philip was both happy and miserable as he made his way back to Brooklyn to tell the banker his daughter's strange story.

He was happy to think Kitty was safe and free; he was wretched to think he had "no part or lot" in her fortunes—that she loved all her friends but him.

"I must leave Mr. Kanell's, of course. My mother and I must find a little house, somewhere," he had muscled. "Delicious for that! I should intrude upon her, after the declaration of my feelings which I made in Newport."

That night he and Mr. Kanell had a long and stormy interview; the result of the story which Philip had to tell.

After a long and stormy interview, and had Teresa dress her carefully; then she sat down by the window to watch.

"I am going to take breakfast at home, Teresa," she kept repeating to her maid every few moments.

"I will bring madame a cup of coffee here, before she goes out in the cold," and Teresa did so.

While Kitty was drinking it there was a knock at the door; she set down her cup and ran to open it herself, ready to throw herself into her father's arms; but it was not Mr. Kanell who stood there—only Philip Armory.

"Where is my father?"

"He did not come."

Looking in Philip's embarrassed countenance, she gathered the truth.

"He has cast me off! I am not to go to him!"

"He is up in arms about your going on the stage. The Kanell pride has received a blow."

"What else could I have done, Mr. Armory? If it had not been for my singing I should have lost my senses. What could I have done other than I did do, situated as I was? Papa is hard

and unreasonable. He is perfectly heartless! He loves his dignity better than he loves his daughter. And he shall never be troubled by me again. Tell him so, Mr. Armory. Tell him that his child will make her own way in the world. Why, Teresa, here, loves me more than he does! Very well, if I make his hard heart ache with real sorrow, some day, he will have only himself to blame."

"I do not think Mr. Kanell gives full credit to your story. At all events, he is vexed and irritated beyond the point where he can be reasonable. I am very sorry. I am afraid he thinks me an impertinent meddler, for I spoke very plainly to him last night. I assure you, it was not easy for me to come here with my message."

"What was his message?"

"That you are a stranger to him."

"He never did love me," said Kitty, with quivering lips. "He never really loved any one but himself—not even my poor mamma."

Then the Kanell blood leaped into her cheek and its pride into her eyes.

"He shall never be troubled with word from me again. I am eighteen—my own mistress. I have plenty of money of my own—thank Heaven! I am not indebted to him, even for that!—and 'the world is all before me where to choose.' Tell him he has driven me back upon the stage—that he is worse than the dead villain lying in yonder room. Tell him that I will come to Brooklyn and sing in the Academy there, on purpose to please him. Tell him—standing her little foot passionately, her resentment growing as she went—"that I will take care to sing there as Kitty Kanell! I never was the wife of that dead man; and he had no name to give me, if I had been his wife. I am Kitty Kanell still; and as Kitty Kanell I will triumph over my unlucky star."

"I wish you would place yourself under my mother's care," ventured Philip, fascinated and yet alarmed by this display of spirit. "You are too young and—and beautiful—to get on without a chaperon. Especially as—"

"As cruel accident has compromised me," you would kindly say. Thank you, Mr. Armory. I like your mother, and may ask her to share my fortunes. Do not be too uneasy about my future. I see apprehension written on your face! With youth and beauty and money I am not afraid of being put down! I am going to have my own way now. There is something better in life than being cooped up—"forgive Kitty this naughty expression—"with a cross father in a gloomy old house. Tell him so, with my compliments, please. And now, Teresa, I will have breakfast here as soon as possible. Mr. Armory, will you breakfast with me? No! Then I regret your decision! Good-by."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 451.)

A SONG OF HEAVEN.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I would sing you a song of the glorious heaven,
If my pen could chant its lay—
Of its rippling stream where the sunlight gleams,
In the light of an endless day.
Of its scenery sublime, where the hand of Time
Can never write decay.
Of the fragrant breeze thro' the whispering trees,
That never will pass away—
Of strange bright birds on airy wings,
With music in their flow.
Of the glories there, and holy prayer,
That only the good will know!

I would sing of the blest, in the land of rest—
The home that God hath given,
Where no dark weal pale mortals know,
In the glorious land of heaven.
I would sing you a song of the sky's dark blue,
Tinted with crimson and gold!
But my soul is weak, and my pen lacks power
To picture that land untold.
I would tell of the love in the land above,
In a pure and glorious strain—
Of the peace that glows like the joys of this,
Would wreath in fearful pain.

But my heart is cold with a sin-clad mold,
That hath wrung it fearful and long;
And my soul is sick to the guilty quick,
And cannot sing that will be so glad to hear.
I have dreamed of heaven when the stars of even,
On the summer flowers fell,
And the silver light of the Queen of Night,
Kissed the stream in the shady dell,
But the deep unrest in my tired breast,
Woke me to earth and pain.
Why did I stray from the shining way,
To the pleasures of earth again?

Sweet sunset land, I have dreamed of thee
When the sun in the west was dying,
And zephyrs played in the greenwood shade,
Where the seven leaves were sighing.
Oh! may I rest on the Savior's breast,
When this mortal life is o'er,
With the faces there divinely fair,
That wait on the heavenly shore;
And back in the light of the spirits bright,
Who have crossed the stormy sea,
In that heavenly home where the sinless roam,
God hath a place for me!

The Man of Steel;

OR,

The Masked Knight of the White Plume.

A TALE OF LOVE AND TERROR.

BY A. P. MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "FRANZ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE,"
"BEAUTIFUL SPIRITS," "SILVER SERPENT," "STAR OF DIAMONDS,"
"FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

STORY OF THE APOTHECARY—(CONCLUDED.)

WHILE Huo St. Liege struggled with the hooded squire who disputed his progress, Corinne had thrown open the door, admitting the emissaries of the dread tribunal.

They filed in, in long gowns, cone-shaped cape, and fierce eyes gleaming from the eyelets of their masks. At a glance, they comprehended the meaning of that desperate contest by the window, and while Huo was on the point of throttling his antagonist, he was seized from behind and dragged backward by powerful arms.

"Ah!" cried one. "It is Huo St. Liege! The very man we want!"

He and another, who wanted of me?" fearfully demanded the prisoner.

The leader of the shires addressed Corinne:

"Come, Corinne, the Inquisition wants you also."

"Me!" she screamed. "Wants me! No—no! I have done nothing!" and fell on her knees, clasping her hands outstretched in an attitude of terror.

"Sorceress!" exclaimed Huo. "You are overtaken by your iniquity!"

"What has she been doing, to your knowledge?" interrupted the deep-voiced figure.

"Mark that she has cast an iron band upon the earth," answered the young man, quickly. "I entered here a few moments since, in time to prevent her burning out the eyes of Marie de Herrera."

"I will bring madame a cup of coffee here, before she goes out in the cold," and Teresa did so.

"That is for you to discover."

"Come with us, Corinne; for thou art indeed a witch!"

"Mercy! I am no witch!" shrieked the miserable woman.

As well appeal to stone images. Her walls and groanings were lost upon men who knew no law but the demands of the Inquisition. They dragged her forth to the hearse-like vehicle in waiting.

"At last we are to die together! That will be some satisfaction to me!" she hissed into Huo's ear.

He walked bravely out between his captors. The hours passed on. Toward daylight people discovered a rank smell of smoke in the neighborhood of Corinne's house. While wondering as to its cause, thick volumes of flame burst

from the windows. The building had caught fire from the iron brand which the woman had cast recklessly aside upon the announcement of her arrest.

Agreeably to hints which Beppo, captain of the shires, had received from the Grand Inquisitor, that grim personage called next morning at the mansion of Manuel de Herrera.

On the outside he was met by one of his zealous spies who had been near the mansion since shortly after midnight.

Enriquez had discovered this spy, and, as has been shown, suspecting the complicity of the Inquisitor, he was providentially enabled to warn Marie and prevent her stepping into a net which, he rightly guessed, was intended for both father and daughter.

Cuerpo de Toledo, mentioned as sitting at the right hand of the Grand Inquisitor, in the pavilion, had been a sutor for Manuel de Herrera's lovely child. Being notorious for a dissipated character and brutal temper, it was no wonder that Marie shrunk from his acquaintance with repugnance. Far from relinquishing his designs upon the pure girl—and stimulated by an intense hate for his successful rival, Huo St. Liege—Cuerpo had induced the Grand Inquisitor to join in a league to destroy the old counselor and make away with his coveted child.

As the spy approached, Beppo accosted him.

"Well, what have you new?"

"There has been a murder done."

"Ha! A murder, say you?"

"Step this way." And the spy led him to the rear, showing the dead man on the sword and the rope-ladder dangling from the balcony.

"Oh! How long do you suppose this has been laying here?" indicating the body.

"I found it when I first came."

"Give it burial, then, make inquiries about it." With this order, Beppo proceeded to climb the ladder.

Reaching the room above, he discovered Manuel de Herrera lying, prone upon his face, and grasping rigidly in one hand a piece of parchment.

Beppo took the parchment from the clenched fist and read it. It was the warning that Enriquez had cast in the night gone. Then he placed his fingers on the wrist of the prostrate man.

"Dead!" he mumbled. "His daughter has been stolen; the shock was too great."

First he was busy below with the corpse when Beppo rejoined him.

"First your task," he said, striding hurriedly away. "I have important news to communicate to his eminence."

Manuel de Herrera had escaped the summons of the Inquisitor. His wealth of money and property, however, did not escape.

After a rigorous but fruitless search for Marie—in which none were more ardent than Cuerpo de Toledo—the Inquisition appropriated everything belonging to the old man. The Governor of Seville issued a proclamation offering Marie de Herrera ten days in which to present herself and receive that portion of her father's estate not considered subject as tribute to the rulers of Seville.

Under private instructions meant to lure Marie into the power of her enemies. But the object of the proclamation was frustrated.

Safe in the home of Enriquez, whose mother and sister lovingly consoled with her, Marie was kept informed of all that transpired outside. She heard the story of the confiscation calmly, seeming to forget it in the balance with other woes.

On two occasions her enemy had passed the house; once, happening to glance up at the windows, Marie, who was standing there pale and frozen at sight of him, was only saved from recognition by the quick wit of Enriquez's mother, who threw her arms around the neck of her face and bent to kiss her, thus screening her face.

Enriquez was absent continuously during the days of Marie's hiding. When he joined them after each nightfall his brow was gloomy and thoughtful.

Marie observed the shadow that had settled upon him—noticed that he grew more morose each day. At last, being an unintentional listener to some words addressed by her protector to his mother, the truth flashed upon her, and she burst in upon them, crying, distressedly:

"Oh, Enriquez! I know the secret, now, of your strange moods. Tell me: where is Huo?"

That you are so anxious about him."

It had to be told. Concealment was no longer possible. A few syllables conveyed the sad intelligence of Huo's imprisonment; and thus blow after blow fell upon her, as if, indeed, Heaven itself had at last deserted her.

Upon a certain evening—the fourth day following that proclamation which was intended to entrap her—a new spirit seemed to possess the maiden. Her white cheeks changed to a fevered flush, and a sparkle as of old came back to the lustrous eyes. Her pulse was firm, her step elastic, and a hard compression of the lips indicated that some great purpose was born within her.

"My only friend," she said, to Enriquez, "God has given me an inspiration. I feel that I can remain no longer idle here. I have precious life to save. Huo St. Liege must be snatched from the Inquisition."

"But—how?" He regarded her in surprise.

"Oh, I have a plan. I have a way."

"You! And what can you do—who are also threatened so much?"

"You will aid me, if I show you how it can be done at one bold stroke!"

"Ay, with whole soul and muscle."

"Then, good Enriquez, you must procure for me the guise of a Dominican. I am about to leave Seville—going to the throne!"

"To Charles V.," he exclaimed. "Ah! poor girl, you do not know him. Even did you succeed in obtaining a note of introduction to Huo St. Liege, the monarch would dispatch an extra courier countermanding it. He has a wholesome fear of the Inquisition. I see your plan; it will be of no use."

"But you do not see at all. I will plead on my knees, with tears and prayers, for royal intercession; and mayhap I shall reach Seville in advance of any other message, for I will be courier myself! In my absence you have your part to perform. Is there not money enough between us to invite the cooperation of the Garduna?"

"So, you have heard of the Garduna?"

"Who in this city has not? Now, give ear for a moment, good Enriquez, while I confide my plans to you."

Drawing close to Enriquez, she continued, in an undertone, to unfold the scheme of her brain for the rescue of Huo St. Liege.

What cannot a woman plot—how cunningly, to rescue a lover from the circle of his foes!

As Enriquez listened, his face brightened. When she had finished a simple detail, he stepped back and surveyed her with admiration.

"Good! Good!" he broke forth, clapping his hands. "Verily, you are an apt plotter in a noble cause. I see. It is feasible. Huo St. Liege may yet be saved. When will you go?"

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

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"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

"So be it."

Seville; and had it not been the duty of her mission compelled a return, her disappearance might have forever remained a mystery.

The trial (7) came. A day as sullen in aspect as the tribunal before which the cavalier was to be tried.

St. Liege, guarded on either side by armed shires, was conducted into the hall. The Grand Inquisitor was seated in his presidential chair, with a face as stern as he might without betraying his natural malignance.

Several were there, being tried by turns—and condemned.

Huo was led forward to the semicircular table, where he was left standing before a volume of the Gospel and a single crucifix.

There was an audience of monks and noblemen. The young man was well known, and many there were pained at surmising what was in store for him, though none were brave enough to voice sympathy for the declared culprit.

"Huo St. Liege, swear to speak the truth."

"I swear."

"You are accused," continued the inquisitor, "of having failed to denounce Manuel de Herrera, and of encouraging Marie, his child, in sacrilegious doctrines."

"My lord, as to the first, I do not understand you. As to the last, I pronounce it a lie!"

The Grand Inquisitor started as if stung. A murmur passed among the audience. Never had culprit dared to utter such a bold retort.

"He denies it"—nodding to the secretaries.

"Finish this mockery briefly!" exclaimed Huo.

"I know that my death is decided upon; waste time in such blasphemous numery?"

Here a shire announced:

"Your eminence, a courier from the king, on business relating to Huo St. Liege."

Admit him, complacently.

This courier, whose sudden arrival gave new interest to Huo's case, was ushered in. A slight, even girlish figure. He wore a gay jacket and leggings, and short, crisp curls clustered over the pure brow. Skin like the brown olive, eyes of hazel, lips uncommenced for a boy, and shape of faultless symmetry. Kneeling and doffing his velvet cap till the gaudy plume swept the floor, he waited to be addressed.

Rise, said his eminence, regarding the youth with a look of strange perplexity. "We are always honored by receipt of any communication from King Charles. What is the nature of the mission?"

The courier made a sign, indicating that he was a mute, and presented a letter from Charles V., bearing the royal seal.

"As I live!" thought the Inquisitor, "I have penetrated the disguise of this masquerading courier. Not all the dyes and furbelows of Spain can hide from my eyes the loveliness of Marie de Herrera! She has been to the king in behalf of her lover. We shall soon know."

Breaking the royal seal, he began reading the missive of vellum. The eyes of the Grand Inquisitor had been sharper than those of the lover. This was the substance of the royal communication:

"PALACE OF MADRID, May—1534."

"To His Eminence the Grand Inquisitor of Seville."

"Huo St. Liege, descendant of a worthy counselor of Castile, and whose line under Philip II. were most loyal subjects to the crown and church, is now a prisoner of your office."

"As it is believed that the young man is of special service to the crown, and an enemy, it is our earnest desire that he be acquitted by the tribunal of which your eminence is chief."

CHARLES.

This was a brave epistle. It required great courage to interfere with the Inquisition. King Charles entertained a proportionate fear of the powerful institution which, he well knew, at that time held the whole domain under its iron heel. But history tells that he was a man of genius and intrepidity, and once his sympathies aroused, he would dare dangerous things in a worthy cause, placing both person and throne in peril.

The Grand Inquisitor read the letter with evident displeasure. When he looked up the courier had vanished. Hastily summoning a scribe to his side, he whispered:

"Watch every egress. Set guards everywhere. That messenger must not escape from the palace. When he is caught, advise me."

"My lord, the courier of the king—"

"Fah! Do as I bid you, he well know, at Huo St. Liege was led back to his dungeon.

"My lord," said a familiar, as his eminence descended from the presidential chair, "the Master of the Garduna seeks a private audience."

"I will see him. I cannot afford to slight the crazy fellow, or his Order may combine against me, and those *guapos* are assassins of rare frenzy. Show him in."

The Inquisitor stepped behind the folds of a curtain, into a convenient alcove. Presently Mandamiento was ushered in.

He stood with folded arms, without removing his cone-shaped sombrero, in an attitude of conscious self-importance. His grotesque accoutrements finished off with a long knife protruding from the belt; his mien so combedly fancy and ugly, placed the beholder in a quandary, whether to laugh or feel serious.

"Well, Mandamiento, what is your business?"

"For once," replied the Master, in a tone of ludicrous sorrow, "the brothers of the Garduna are unhappy."

"And what have I to do with it?"

"We have done many deeds for your eminence, receiving our pay with a clear conscience. I am come to ask a favor."

"Name it."

"Three weeks ago we received a sum of money to *extinguish* a certain man. The money was put in good hands, and we promised to perform our task. But it has pleased the Inquisition to seize upon the one whose life, of right, belongs to us. We are, therefore, traitors to our promise."

"Who is this man?"

"Huo St. Liege."

"Ha!" As the Grand Inquisitor uttered the exclamation he took half a dozen quick strides across the alcove.

Mandamiento watched him with mournful eyes.

"Look you: if I turn this man over to you, what becomes of him?"

"He will be *extinguished* forthwith."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Can you doubt me?" reproachfully.

"Be it so. You shall have Huo St. Liege."

"Ah, but you remove a load from my breast. To-night, when the lamps are out, there will be a coach near the cathedral on square L'Esplanade. If he can be got into it he will not see the sun rise on Seville."

"Rely upon it, he will be there. But, stay; who was it that paid you to remove this young man?"

"Cuerpo de Toledo."

"That will do. You have my promise. Now, go."

Mandamiento strutted away with comical dignity. As he departed a spy entered with the announcement:

"My lord, the courier was seen to leave the palace, riding furiously, and was completely lost sight of."

"Beppo!" it was that personage—"the courier was no other than Manuel de Herrera. Could you not penetrate the disguise?"

"Nay—I never dreamed it."

"Where is Cuerpo de Toledo?"

"In his cups; or, as the vulgar say, 'quite drunk.'"

"Send out your best spies. Marie de Herrera is in Seville. If you fail to find her, I shall deem you and your officers a pack of asses. Go."

The Grand Inquisitor seated himself to address the following to Charles V.:

"PALACE OF THE INQUISITION, SEVILLE, May—1534."

"It is regretted that your messenger did not arrive sooner. Huo St. Liege is now morally acquitted; but we understand that he fell into the hands of the Garduna—of whose atrocities you may have heard—and has disappeared entirely. It would have been our pleasure to give the unfortunate young man safe conduct from Seville."

TO CHARLES, KING OF SPAIN.

ABRUE.

Having sealed and dispatched this by special courier, he sank back in his chair, laughing: "There! Let us measure weapons, King Charles! Ha! ha! ha!"

Late that same evening the Grand Inquisitor walked in the palace gardens, soothing away his irritations of the day beneath the bathing moonlight and balmy odor of flowers. A favorite Dominican usually accompanied him in these nightly walks, but on this occasion he was alone.

Not long alone. The form of a man came rushing upon him, flourishing a piece of vellum. The voice of Cuerpo cried:

"My lord, have you turned blind fool at last?"

"Cuerpo de Toledo, explain yourself!" demanded the Inquisitor, sharply.

"You have given Huo St. Liege his liberty!"

"I'm in blank amazement."

"I never employed the Garduna in my life. This is some trick. You inform me that Marie de Herrera is in Seville. Well, perhaps he and she are in each other's arms. A trick, I say. You have been hoodwinked by the crafty Master of the Garduna!"

"Treachery!" hissed the Grand Inquisitor, clenching his fists in a rage.

The next moment he had summoned a score of officers, to whom he gave hurried instructions, sending them to square L'Esplanade.

But—too late!

A black-looking coach was standing near the cathedral, with the driver on top, ready to start upon an instant's warning. A little apart were two black-looking *guapos*, with sable cloaks wound tight around their shoulders.

Soon a second coach appeared. Two shires dismounted, dragging with them the form of a man pinioned and gagged.

The *guapos* advanced to the new-comers and asked:

"Is this the body we are looking for?"

"Yes. Make short work of it."

The two laid hold upon the helpless prisoner and bore him to the waiting coach. Into this they thrust him, giving him, at the same time, several merciless cuffs, and banged the door shut. At a signal, the driver whipped his horses into a mad gallop.

He is dead by this time," said one of the *guapos*, intending his words for the ears of the shires who watched the fast-receding vehicle.

Imagine the surprise of the prisoner when, finding himself shut up in the coach and fully expecting death, a knife severed his bonds and he was released.

A pair of arms wound round his neck and a sweet voice murmured:

"At last! At last! Huo! my beloved!"

His senses reeled. Then he stretched forth his free arms and drew the precious form to his breast.

"Marie! I dream!" he exclaimed, brokenly.

"To what miracle of Heaven do I owe this deliverance?"

"And by the woman you love, assisted by the Garduna!" spoke a voice from the rear.

"And did not you aid, also?" reminded a fourth—Yva.

The letter from Charles V. was but part of the plan formed by the courageous maiden. Satisfied that the Grand Inquisitor was resolved upon the destruction of Huo St. Liege, and would readily avail himself of an opportunity to thwart the good purpose of the monarch, Mandamiento had been easily bribed to utter the falsehood which persuaded his eminence to give over Huo to the supposed vengeance of the Garduna.

Huo and Marie, accompanied by Enriquez and Yva, fled to Germany. Both pair, all weary and worn, were really dead.

Corinne Bonville, the Frenchwoman, perished in the dungeons of the Inquisition while undergoing extreme and most horrid tortures.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VOICE OF SERGEANT KILLER.

WE now return to the characters of our story proper, making their way by that underground passage from Castle de Cognac, under the Seine, toward the chapel a short distance from St. Genevieve.

By the time Paschal Broeck had concluded his narrative—given in language far different from what the reader has perused—they were moving amid the deep recesses and ghostly cells of the *carcer*.

Perrine, the mulatto, had clasped his fingers around a cord which he picked up from the flinty floor, allowing it to slide through his hold as he walked; the string being a guide, without which they might have become hopelessly lost.

"Well, Paschal Broeck," said Latour, "we have listened attentively to your narrative. You have told us of a certain Huo St. Liege, his bride, Marie, and a Frenchwoman named Corinne Bonville, who was put to death by torture in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Now what has all this to do with your hate for Pollet St. Liege, the scoundrel who has dared to cast his evil eyes upon my dear Pearlina?"

"I will tell him. I cannot afford to slight the crazy fellow, or his Order may combine against me, and those *guapos* are assassins of rare frenzy. Show him in."

The Inquisitor stepped behind the folds of a curtain, into a convenient alcove. Presently Mandamiento was ushered in.

He stood with folded arms, without removing his cone-shaped sombrero, in an attitude of conscious self-importance. His grotesque accoutrements finished off with a long knife protruding from the belt; his mien so combedly fancy and ugly, placed the beholder in a quandary, whether to laugh or feel serious.

"Well, Mandamiento, what is your business?"

"For once," replied the Master, in a tone of ludicrous sorrow, "the brothers of the Garduna are unhappy."

"And what have I to do with it?"

"We have done many deeds for your eminence, receiving our pay with a clear conscience. I am come to ask a favor."

"Name it."

"Three weeks ago we received a sum of money to *extinguish* a certain man. The money was put in good hands, and we promised to perform our task. But it has pleased the Inquisition to seize upon the one whose life, of right, belongs to us. We are, therefore, traitors to our promise."

"Who is this man?"

"Huo St. Liege."

"Ha!" As the Grand Inquisitor uttered the exclamation he took half a dozen quick strides across the alcove.

Mandamiento watched him with mournful eyes.

"Look you: if I turn this man over to you, what becomes of him?"

"He will be *extinguished* forthwith."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Can you doubt me?" reproachfully.

"Be it so. You shall have Huo St. Liege."

"Ah, but you remove a load from my breast. To-night, when the lamps are out, there will be a coach near the cathedral on square L'Esplanade. If he can be got into it he will not see the sun rise on Seville."

"Rely upon it, he will be there. But, stay; who was it that paid you to remove this young man?"

"Cuerpo de Toledo."

"That will do. You have my promise. Now, go."

Mandamiento strutted away with comical dignity. As he departed a spy entered with the announcement:

"My lord, the courier was seen to leave the palace, riding furiously, and was

whole family had been murdered. Those whom I questioned could tell me nothing of my son Kirke, nor could I find the family with whom he had been visiting.

"Then I gave my life over to one object; that of revenge. It would be too long were I to tell you how I managed to strike the right trail. Enough that I did, at last, and that I marked out every man of the midnight assassins for death. I was greatly aided by my one friend—Double Dan."

"That's me! my twin brother!" came the queer double voice of the scout, as he entered the glade, followed by three other persons.

"You here! where did you leave your prisoner?"

"Safe an' sound—tied up like a pig in a pack!" grinned Double Dan. "I done fetched some folks to see ye. Miss Missouri Belle, Mister Mark Bird an' Kirke Howard, esquire—make ye known to Double Sight the Death Shot, or Judge."

"Stop, friend," interposed the Death Shot. "Let me finish my explanation, first. I will be as brief as possible. I made use of many disguises in my work, and being a fair ventriloquist, a dabbler in chemistry, as well, I managed to get up a very respectable mystery. I procured me a very fine air-pistol of long range but small bore, and it aided me not a little. The wounds made by its balls were so small that only a close investigation could discern what had dealt the fatal blow. I only used this when I wished to entirely escape observation."

"Not until last year did I suspect that I had a daughter living. Some words that Colonel Overton dropped gave me the clue. Until quite recently I believed that the young lady known as Missouri Belle was my child; and Equality Epp believed that his daughter was the one who was deceived by his fellow criminal, Overton. It was who stole your child and burned your house, Mr. Marvin. He brought your child to Kansas and there gave her to Mr. and Mrs. Lamb."

"And now it's my turn," interposed Miss Nancy. "You shut up, Hector Lamb! I'm going to tell everything I know. These folks! I know how to make 'lowances fer people what was starvin' to death."

And Nancy did tell. How Overton bribed them to keep his daughter safe, how he and his wife, how they wandered to Texas. Then came a hard time. They were literally starving. Too proud to beg, one dark night they sallied out to their nearest neighbor's, and using an axe, Hector Lamb killed two fattening hogs. They were caught at this work by Overton and another man, and they fled, leaving their axe behind them.

That same night the Howard ranch was burned. And just before dawn Overton came to them, bearing a little girl, which he wished them to exchange for his daughter. They demurred, but he threatened them with exposure as hog-thieves. They begged for time, for they had learned to love the child dearly. That same morning the report spread that the neighbor whom they had attempted to rob, was found dead in his bed, slain by the stroke of an axe. And Overton threatened to swear the crime upon them unless they agreed to perform his will in every particular. Though this murder was almost lost sight of in the wild excitement which followed the Howard tragedy, the Lambs knew that it would require but a word to set the mob upon them.

"We couldn't do nothing," he had the ax we used to kill the hogs with. He said he'd saw he see us comin' out o' the man's house, in the night. So we cut only give way to his will. He told us that in a few days a man would call for the child, an' told us how we might know he was the right one. Ontel he did come, we might keep the young 'un mighty close, so nobody 'd ever see it. He made us change their clothes, an' send 'em off our real Minnie. 'Tother, an' the man who axed fer it. We did just as he said. A week afterwards, the man come. He give us the sign that showed he was the right person. An' when he went away, he took the child with him."

The Death Shot quickly led the two maidens forward, and spoke to Nancy Lamb.

"Are these the two children you have spoken of?"

"I kin swar to this one," said the woman, drawing Minnie to her side. "She is the one Overton brought last; the one I most kin swar to is the daughter of Isaac Howard. As fer 'tother, ef she is the baby I 'tended fer better'n two years, she's got a bad scar on her right arm, above the elbow."

With a wondering cry, Missouri Belle pushed up her sleeve. Even in the gathering gloom the significant scar could be distinguished.

There was a sobbing cry—and Mrs. Marvin fell upon the neck of her long-lost daughter, while the trembling arms of the husband and father encircled her.

Respecting their emotions, the remainder of the party withdrew to a little distance, when the Death Shot resumed his interrupted story.

There is no particular necessity for us to follow his explanations step by step. A word or two concerning those points which have been more particularly brought before the reader must suffice.

From the hour in which his suspicions were aroused that his daughter lived, Isaac Howard never lost sight of his prey. Day and night he dogged them, until, the same night, and at the truth. He it was that rescued Equality Epp, when that scoundrel was precipitated upon the bull's back in the circus ring, because he would not that his enemy should die with his secret untold. He it was that dogged the spy to the outlaws' lair, and the same night, and at short his report with a shot from his air-pistol through the barred window. He also shot the fero dealer, and James Brown, the convicted traitor. These three men were of those who had murdered his family, years before.

He visited Equality Epp at Black Swamp, intending to play the role of Colonel Overton, but the Wolf, suddenly aroused from a troubled sleep, gave a yell of alarm, and to save his own life Howard was obliged to strike him down. As he fled for safety, he grasped Missouri Belle, not knowing who she was, and she was rescued by the reader knows, Overton, believing his shot fatal, plunged into the water to rescue the girl. Instead, he was grappled by both Double Dan and Howard. In the struggle that ensued, Overton was stabbed and choked senseless. A single word set Double Dan to work, and while Howard rescued Missouri Belle, his friend was dragging Overton through the swamp to where the trusty black horse was tethered.

How boldly the Death Shot played his assumed part, how completely he averted all suspicion, had been shown. From what Double Dan had heard when spying upon the real Overton, added to the notes in the captured memorandum-book, it was easy for the Death Shot to deceive the Chaparral Wolf.

Double Dan, while hiding with his prisoner in the swamp, overheard the stormy scene between Missouri Belle and the cousins, and watching his chance, made himself known to them, and told them a portion of what was in the wind. As a natural result, it was decided that they should proceed to the Buffalo Hump.

With a few brief remarks, our story proper is ended. The maiden whom we have known thus far as Minnie Lamb was recognized as the daughter of Isaac Howard, and the sister of Kirke. That she was half smothered with kisses may readily be imagined. Nor was Mark Bird at all backward in claiming his share, as a cousin. Dashing Ned added his congratulations, but Minnie noted, with a sharp pang, that he was far more deeply interested in her whom we have known as Missouri Belle. The warm glow in his fine eyes, betrayed by the crackling camp-fire, she could not mistake.

The situation was a peculiar one. Minnie loved Dashing Ned; he loved Missouri Belle, as did Kirke Howard; also, Missouri Belle loved Mark Bird, while he had eyes only for his cousin Minnie.

But "time works wonders," and it assuredly did in this case. Before a year had rolled by, the cards in Love's pack were shuffled and dealt

anew. Partners were changed, and at least four of the players were completely satisfied. Within the same month, there were weddings in Texas and in Missouri. Dashing Ned settled down as a farmer and stock-raiser, in the latter State, and "Missouri Belle" presides over his growing household. In Texas the old ranch was rebuilt, and Minnie consented to make Mark Bird happy. As for Kirke, he lives with them, a confirmed old bachelor. He has never forgotten his first love, and he will carry her image with him to the grave.

Double Dan is still alive, and nearly as swift-footed as ever. When he and his "twin brother" go under, there will be more than one mourning household in Texas.

That same night, after the general explanation and "clearing up," Isaac Howard and Double Dan mounted and rode rapidly toward Black Swamp. They reached the place where Colonel Overton had been confined, but it was empty! By some means he had slipped his bonds, and mounting the famous black stallion, had fled for his life. But though for years his fate was a mystery to the whites, the truth came out at last.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HUNTED DOWN.

A BLACK stallion is running low and swift beneath the blazing noonday sun. Its silken coat is stained with sweat, with foam and with blood—blood not all its own. The rider upon its back is wounded, though he scarcely feels the smart. He turns his head and glances to the rear. A grating curse parts his lips. The hunted light in his snake-like eyes grows deeper, his face seems thinner and more haggard.

Yet far away, but hanging upon his trail like human bloodhounds, ride a full score of vindictive warriors, armed with lance and rifle, with paint upon their faces and blood in their eyes. They have marked their prey and the chase will end only in death.

The fugitive turns to his noble horse. He tightens the reins, strokes the dripping neck, speaks encouragingly in the small, pointed ear. The stallion tosses his proud head and answers the call. For a minute his mighty muscles play like exquisitely-tempered steel springs. Space is cleared. Red after red is flung behind him in those deer-like leaps. And the thin lips of the fugitive curl away from his pointed teeth, as he casts an exultant glance back at his pursuers. He begins to taste the sweets of freedom and renewed hope.

Again the black stallion tosses its head. It utters a low, husky whimper. It cannot breathe freely. A cruel cord seems tightening around its throat. It turns its head as though to ask its rider the meaning of this strange spell that cramps its limbs and oppresses its lungs.

The only answer is a curse, and the man drives his heels into the steaming flanks. He well knows the reason; and so does the bloodhounds upon the trail. The bending grass-blades are spotted here and there with crimson blotches. They know that the end is near. And with exultant yells they urge their laboring ponies on.

The fugitive is Turn-over, the half-breed; the pursuers are Whirlwind and his Kiowa braves. Since early dawn the chase has lasted. There was one rapid collar as the half-breed swept past their covert. The Kiowas set out in hot pursuit, nothing discouraged by the ease and rapidity with which the black stallion distanced them at first. They mark the scarlet trail, and know that those frothy drops come from near the seat of life. And as the hours pass, they gain, slowly but surely upon their victim.

The nature of the ground is changing. Turn-over rises in his stirrups and casts a swift glance ahead. The level plain becomes broken and more difficult. There is scattered timber ahead of him.

He places them in the line, and the Kiowas are spreading out in a semicircle, as though to cut him off should he attempt to deviate from a direct course. Why should they expect him to offer them this advantage? Surely the trail is open in front.

The timber is scattered in groups of two and three trees. Any one of them would afford a good chance for a fight for life, if only he was armed. A revolver—ever a knife would be worth a fortune, now!

He plunges through the timber, then wrenches in his horse with a furious curse. Right at his feet lies a frightful abyss, five hundred feet in depth, the perpendicular sides bristling with sharp points and angles. The chasm is full five and twenty feet in width. The rocks rise abruptly upon either side, and there is scarcely foothold for a horse after such a leap. But the exultant yells of his bloodthirsty pursuers are ringing in his ears. Unarmed, certain death awaits him; there is just a chance by attempting the frightful leap.

He urges his horse to the brink, but it refuses the leap. It seems to know that its weakened powers are unequal to the task.

Not yet does Overton despair. He leaps to the ground, flings his coat over the stallion's eyes, then runs forward and over the distant. One over and the poor brute falls, until the jagged rocks below grant him a merciful death. Overton dares not wait to see the result. His enemies are too near. He runs lightly along the edge of the chasm until he reaches a long hollow log that lies rotting upon the plain.

Into this he crawls his body. The chance is indeed a faint one; but there is none other.

The Kiowas burst through the timber, expecting to seize their prey, for right well they knew what a formidable barrier lay in the course of his flight. And as he lies in the hollow, they hear his cries and exclamations of wondering disappointment. He can see them clustering around the fresh hoof-prints. He can see them peering down into the vast depth, and his heart grows sick as he fears they will discover his deception. He closes his eyes as Whirlwind glances toward his covert. He fears lest their glittering bayonets betray him. But as the chief speaks, fresh hope springs up in his heart.

"Turn-over is laughing at the Kiowas. He has leaped his horse over, and is now far away. But his scalp shall blacken in the smoke of Whirlwind's lodge—I have sworn it!"

"We will find his trail upon the other side, and run him down. His big horse is badly wounded. The coyotes will crack his bones before the sun goes down. Let us go!"

"There is time enough. Our ponies are weary and need food and rest. We will wait here, and eat. I am hungry. See! yonder lies a dry log. It will make a good fire."

The heart of the half-breed grows sick. He knows now that his place of refuge had been discovered. Unarmed, nothing but death awaits him. He will be dragged forth and ruthlessly butchered—perhaps after cruel tortures. He almost envies the fate of his poor horse.

Even in that moment he wondered that he should find it so hard to resign himself to death. He had so often laughed at it—so often dared it face to face, through pure recklessness. But then he was armed. He could return blow for blow. That made all the difference.

He peered forth from his refuge. Whirlwind and three stout braves stood with ready weapons, though in seeming carelessness, before him. The other braves are bringing dried sticks and grass and piling them upon the log. He hears the clicking of flint and steel, and the sound sends a sickening thrill through his heart. Those sounds are to him what fastening down the coffin-lid must be to one lying in a death-like trance, ready for the grave.

He knows when the sparks catch upon the tinder. He can tell when these are blown into a

flame—and he hears the faint crackling as the serpent-tongued flames lick up the dry grass, winding in and out through the only too readily ignited fagots.

And now the dusky fiends raise their wild voices in a triumphant scalp-song and as the bright flames shoot higher and higher, the doomed victim hears them dancing before his fiery prison in mad glee.

From that moment his nerves become steeled. He knows that death is inevitable, but he will resist to the last, and he chooses morsel of revenge. They shall not boast that they killed his courage, as well as his body. Since die he must, he would die in sullen silence.

The flames leap higher. The heat grows more intense. The log is one blazing mass of coals. The suffocating heat fills the hollow. It searces the sullen wretch. His face and scalp are one great blister. His blood seems boiling in his veins. Wild visions of the black past arise before him. He is assailed by a thousand weird phantoms. Devils are grappling with him. He fights—but in vain. They drag him forth from his blazing refuge—

A horrible yell bursts from his lips, and rendered insane by the frightful torture, he works his way out of the fiery circle. As he springs his hands burst into flame. He is a mass of living fire!

The savages range themselves in a semicircle, of which the edge of the chasm forms the chord. As the blazing, maddened half-breed rushes forward, he is met and turned back by his own flames and the bullets of the wildly exulting savages. Time and again is he thus repulsed.

Then—for one brief instant his brain seems to clear. He glances swiftly around him. He studies to the brink of the abyss. He rises in the air—shoots forward—alights fairly upon the further bank!

But his powers are exhausted in that mighty effort. He totters—sinks down upon his knees. A fragment of rock gives way beneath his weight. He catches upon his breast. Inch by inch he slips down. He fights in desperate silence for his life. But the fates are against him.

One wild scream of horror—a swift-falling form from which the flames burst out anew—a faint thud!

Turn-over, the half-breed, was dead!

THE END.

Johnnie Armstrong;

OR,

The King of the Moss-Troopers.

A Romance of the Scottish Border.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG was taken at last, the border-moss-trooper of all the bold riders of the border-land, had laughed to scorn both the lion and the thistle banner—was safe and sound in the strong box in Edinburgh, there to be tried for his life for high treason.

This Johnnie Armstrong was a bold spearman who had set himself up as a king on the border, and as he was backed by a troop of doughty riders, who feared neither man nor devil, it was a long time before he was brought to grief; but the pitcher that goes often to the well, etc., etc.—and so it came to pass that, after five years of successful defiance both to Scotland and to England, for it often happened that bold Johnnie, when bees were scarce in Scotland did not scruple to cross the English line and drive a foray even into Northumberland, and that on one of these occasions, hotly pursued by the English spearmen over the border line, Johnnie had run full tilt into a large Scottish force sent out expressly to capture him.

To fight was out of the question, and so, with some show of manly valor, Johnnie fled, leaving his bees that were so much needed to replenish the larder at home and cried out to his men:

"Each for himself and the fiend take the hindmost!"

The moss-troopers scattered and prepared to lead the king's soldiers a merry chase, as they had often done before; for, being perfectly familiar with the ground, they were able to easily baffle pursuit.

A good horse and a sharp pair of spurs will give a man's neck in this world! Johnnie exclaimed, as he rode gayly away; but, fate was against him this time; his horse put his foot in a hole, down went the beast on his knees, and though the rider was as good as ever he sat in mortal man to keep the saddle under such circumstances.

The moss-trooper turned a complete summer-set and landed upon the flat of his broad back.

Although half-stunned by the fall he managed to scramble to his feet and draw his trusty blade, but a dozen horsemen surrounded him and a dozen weapons menaced his life.

"Strike him not!" cried the voice of one who was evidently a captain in the band. "It is Johnnie Armstrong himself, and the regent will give him a royal pardon if he will only surrender, unharmed, in Edinburgh town."

"That will never be!" exclaimed the moss-trooper, making a desperate rush forward and endeavoring to break through the line of steel which surrounded him, but, what could one man do against that man was Johnnie Armstrong—do against a host?

Quickly they beat him to his knees, then by main force pressed him to the earth and bound his stout, strong limbs with cruel cords, and like the rest of the crowd he was carried straight to Edinburgh.

Great was the glee of the regent and his court when the news of the capture reached them, and in great crowds the gallants of Edinburgh came to look upon the man who had for so long a time defied the power of the royal forces.

The regent swore roundly with many an oath that the capture of the outlaw was worth the loss of a strong tower.

And then they put the moss-trooper upon his trial.

The lord came forward and swore that Johnnie had harried his lands and stolen fifty bees.

"He is my foe—he and all his clan!" Johnnie had answered, indignantly. "Many's the time that he and his have come with fire and brand against me!"

"A lie—a lie!" the lordling protested. "I take Heaven to witness I never did him harm except in self-defense; and surely it is no wrong to strike back when rudely attacked!"

Another lord repeated the tale; a third and a fourth took up the cry. Never was there such a ruffianly ruffian as Johnnie Armstrong!

The moss-trooper's plea that he but returned the blows which had been given him, a little harder perhaps, but still provoked, went for nothing.

The Lord Chief Justice, who sat on the bench—for Johnnie was tried with all the honors—decided that the border lord was a most thorough villain and to blame in every case, and then, after due argument and grave deliberation, Johnnie Armstrong was sentenced to be hanged—to die the death of a dog.

Vainly the outraged outlaw pleaded for a soldier's death; the law decreed the rope, and the rope it must be.

They carried the now desperate man back to his prison-cell and locked him tightly in. Short time had they given the moss-trooper to make his peace with Heaven, for within a week he was to stretch the rope.

The news of the death of Johnnie Armstrong had been doled out to the notations of these border folk there was no very great harm in raising a few fat bees now and then, when the larder was empty and the good wife wanted meat.

To one heart more than any other the news came with crushing force, and this was to the

wife of the moss-trooper, who dwelt in the big round tower, the home of the Armstrongs since the days when the clan first became known.

A wee little woman was the wife of the borderer, but as dauntless in courage as the bold moss-trooper himself.

When the tidings came that Johnnie Armstrong languished in jail, and within a week his neck would stretch, there was many a loud oath and deep imprecation in the Armstrong tower; but, neither oath nor threat could help the captive moss-trooper.

Safe in Edinburgh jail he bided, and not even England's power could tear him thence; how then could the border lords hope to help their captive friend?

But, woman's wit succeeds sometimes when man's skill and cunning are of no avail.

The wife of the captive, impelled by that great love which dwelt in her heart for the father of her children, thought of a scheme by means of which he might be saved.

This scheme she did not impart to a mortal soul; she was almost afraid to whisper it to herself in the silence of her chamber lest some spirit of the air might carry it to the ears of the moody regent at Edinburgh.

Ten trusty men she took with her, the best of her husband's band, and setting out at night by unfrequented roads made the best of her way to Edinburgh.

Two days before the one on which her husband was doomed to die she arrived at the capital.

A desperate device she had planned, and this was nothing more nor less than the kidnapping of the Lord Chief Justice of the realm, the man who had condemned her husband to death, and holding him a hostage for the safety of the moss-trooper.

A wild and reckless plan but the very boldness of it made it successful.

The moss-troopers, when the matter was confided to them, which was not until the last moment, swore by their thumbs to attempt it even though it cost the life of every one of them.

The gates of the city were closed until nine, the Chief Justice, whose abode was quite near to one of the gates, was assaulted as he left his house shortly after eight in the evening to go to the palace, plucked violently from the midst of his escort, who fled in terror from the naked blades of the five moss-troopers, wrapped in a cloak and carried in haste through the city gates before the astonished warden could discover what was the matter.

Pursuit of course was given at once, but the desperate band had far too much start and easily gained their wild fastness with their prey.

Safe in the border-land, the wife of Johnnie Armstrong made known her conditions.

"Prisoner for prisoner!" she declared. The regent, enraged, swore that he would hang the moss-trooper without delay, but the lady swore fully as stoutly that if he did the Lord Chief Justice should swing.

And the regent dared not fulfill his threat, for he feared that the wife of the moss-trooper could be good as her word, and so, to make a long story short, after due deliberation and great delivery of words, the moss-trooper was exchanged for the man who had sentenced him to hang.

The wild rider had been saved by the wee little woman, and so, to make a long story short, there was no moss-trooper in his band half as good a man as the wife of Johnnie Armstrong.

"The Styles" in Hair.

FANCIFUL complications of finger-puffs, set high on the head, are in greater favor than any other system in the art of making the hair. Frizzes and short curls around the face are very much worn, and in many instances are brought so low upon the forehead as to be in very bad taste. This, however, is only done by those who in all things rush into extremes. The best class of people and those who dress with most taste preserve moderation.

"Banging" the hair across the forehead, although chiefly adopted by children, is, nevertheless, seen in the case of grown persons. A unique style of coiffure consists of a small, soft coil worn high on the head and the front hair "banged." In consequence of the tendency toward unique complications, ornamental combs are in much favor. Oftentimes the comb is placed at the back of a cluster of puffs, in securing support, thereby, or again, it is put carelessly wherever it may seem appropriate. Tortoiseshell combs are oftentimes seen, but jet, ivory, gold, or silver form not unfrequently additions among the wealthier classes, while persons of moderate means content themselves with imitations.

Braids, except in chateleine style, are seldom seen; they are not excluded, but they are hardly in favor. If the coil, whether twisted or braided, be worn, it should not be large. Curls are seldom worn, long curls not at all. At all times, however, but especially for evening wear, are a very graceful finish, but at present should not exceed four inches in length.

The Grecian coil can hardly be mentioned as fashionable; it is rather an occasional and allowable departure from the fashionable ideas, indulged in at times by ladies who tire of sameness, and who now and then introduce a sort of abandon into the toilet, which, within limits, is not displeasing. Another style, which may be mentioned rather as an allowable departure from conventional ideas, is the adopted mode of dressing the hair, is the Pompadour roll in front, over which the hair is drawn plainly back to meet finger-puffs or soft coils. It is quite becoming to some faces, and the more pleasing because not often seen. Puffs, braids or coils placed "half-way" on the head—that is, neither high nor low—is an objectionable style. Make your choice; arrange your hair either quite low or high, but do not halt half-way.

"Coquettes," showing the hair softly waved without a part, in the morning, and attached to a wire by which they can be inserted under finger-puffs or any other style of coiffure, are quite pretty and afford variety. They cost \$1.25. Invisibles of gray hair are particularly desirable for elderly ladies, and range in price from \$6 to \$18, the latter being of pure white hair.

First-class gray hair, especially long hair, is very expensive, increasing rapidly in price as it approaches pure white; and for this reason a substitute has been introduced in the "refined" hair, which is the better liked as it becomes better known. The difference from real hair cannot be told except by an expert. It can be mixed with other hair to any desired extent, when partially gray hair is desired, and of course at proportionately less cost than when real white hair is mixed in.

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MORNING.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The morn begins to break—in pieces
The darkness, with the snoring, ceases;
And those who've dreamt they've slept a year
Are now beginning to appear;
And everybody is as cross
As double X's, and full of sauce.
After a night's serene repose
You'd like to know the matter with those—
Who all forget their pleasant dreams
And fill the house with growls and screams,
That person never yet was born
Who gets up smiling in the morn.
I wonder why the prettiest face
At morning wears but little grace?
It seems that beauty which you love
All left in the room above.
The morning is a trying time
To loveliness, in any clime.
Life seems to be begun again
In style that goes against the grain.
And best of tempers in the wake
Are somehow very sure to break.
And everything is upside down
With the best people in the town.
A very early morning call
Don't come in "relashes" at all.
The milkman rings thrice at the gate
For the maid, as usual, is late.
You give the fire another turn:
Your fingers not the wood will burn.
Cold water on your faces freezes
While your desire of cleanness ceases.
You knew just when your neighbors woke
The time his flues began to smoke.
The good things you laid off to do
To-day you recollect but few.
The ill-deeds you did yesterday
Quite properly have passed away.
The air is full of fragrant scents—
Fried ham and baked rich components.
The frequent blows of the catarrh
And morning coughs resound afar.
The wrinkles round your eyes are deep;
You wear a general air of sleep.
You don't feel pretty good, and move
Up closer to the kitchen stove,
Till breakfast is announced at last;
Then you warm up by eating fast.

Mississippi River Life in '56.

A Series of Western Character Sketches.
BY PHILIP S. WARNE,
AUTHOR OF "TIGER DICK," "ELEGANT EGBERT,"
ETC.

THE PRIDE O' THE ST. LOUIS.

With his shovel the fireman of the Belle of the Missouri threw open the furnace-doors, letting the ruddy light stream all over him and far out into the night. When he tossed in the coals, the flames leaped up and lapped at him voraciously. Then the doors were closed, and the phantoms of the night chased the light to the very portals of its retreat.

"Crossgrove," said the fireman, "what makes you talk to me like that?"

The engineer came out of his reverie, rose and looked at the steam-gauge, tried the water-cocks, saw that the engines were running all right, and sat down again.

"You're right," said the engineer, "it is the anniversary of a queer little bit o' romance that happened on the St. Louis, five years ago. I was firin' then, under as good an engineer as ye could scare up."

"Old Mart Kimball had his ways, as the bees o' us does," he reckoned that everybody who had done it with him found that he'd come in on the level an' go out on the square."

"He wa'n't much on handsome; but he could chaw a bigger cud o' tobaccoer than any man I ever see; an' he could stan' up under a power o' chawin' tobacco."

"He wa'n't on the beat anyhow except at cards; but thar he could stock 'em an' deal from the top or bottom jest beautiful!" But he always did that when two galoots sat down to gamble, it was a little "fixed" thing that it was to be o'ther an' which between 'em, which could Kimball the other out o' his eye-teeth; an' the one that got his comb out mustn't squeal."

To wind up on, Mart never shook a friend, nor was he backed down by a foe.

"Wal, one night we was goin' up the river when the darkness was so thick that it come powerful nigh scrapin' all the paint off the flag-staff cuttin' through it. I reckon if you'd cut a chain-link out o' the flag-staff, it'd be the same."

"I had jest been firin' up, an' I banged to the last door, when Mart ripped out an oath that made me jump; fur he spit it out jest like a pistol-shot."

"He yelled,"

"'Open that door ag'in, Jim, fur God's sake!' But before I could raise a finger, he grabbed the shovel out o' my hand, opened the door himself, dropped the shovel an' run for'ard."

"Thar he see him belonin' to the rear of the side, himself flat on his belonin' to the rear of the side."

"I heard a slight bump ag'in the side, and started for'ard to see what Mart had picked up; but, fellers, I hadn't got ten steps before he—"

"Shut down them blasted engines, before they pull my arms out at the shoulders!"

(Here we need not render Crossgrove's narrative faithfully; for he repeated *verbatim* the profane language which Mart Kimball, in his excitement, enforced by injunction, but which we spare the reader.)

"Gents," pursued the engineer, "thar was that in Mart Kimball's voice, as he gritted his teeth between his teeth, that let me know that he was hangin' on to the life by the grim death; an' you bet I wa'n't slow in backin' them engines fur all they was worth."

"I heard the pilot holler through the speakin'-tube."

"'Hallo! What's up?'"

"'But I didn't waste no breath on him.'"

"I heard Mart Kimball swearin' like a lunatic; an' when I turned, after reversin' the engines, I see him standin' up an' holdin' a bundle in his hands that weighed with water."

"In his quick moments Mart wouldn't 'd' done to run a Bible-class; but when he was mad or excited he'd jest raise slave shingles off'n any meetin'-house that n'd hold him. Now he was feller's hands that signed the words in stunk chunks, so fast that they tumbled over his head like rain. You bet he was a mad Mart, about as nothin'—no body knowed what."

"'All of a sudden he belched out a bigger oath than I ever heard of, an' I follered it up with:—"

"'What a blasted lie! You standin' lyar; doin' nothin' but yawp! Hallo, thar! bring lights aft!'"

"With that he laid his drippin' bundle down on the deck, passed me on the keen jump, grabbed up the water, and, with a flail, dodgin' between the wood an' freight like chain-lightnin' through a crab-apple orchard."

"By this time the roustabouts were crawlin' out o' their holes, an' the captain come tumblin' down the ladder, the mighty white around the gills. The passengers, men and women, the row; an' they was a scar-out community, tur rocks!"

"Without tryin' to answer the half-million or so questions that they asked all in a breath, I said:—"

"'This way, cap'n!'"

"'An' grabbin' a lantern, I run aft with the captain at my heels."

"Thar we see old Mart Kimball flashin' the light of his lantern out over the water, the fire of the captain shouldered through the roustabouts, he grabbed Mart, an' demanded:

"What in blazes is the matter?"

"That that's the matter!" yelled Mart. "An' I thought, at the first glance, that he was skakin' in his first under the captain's nose. But he kept on!"

"D'yee see that? That's out of a woman's head—take that! That blasted river pulled her out o' my grip; an' now she's out thar, some'r's, just because them infernal engines couldn't be stopped quick enough."

"Then I see he had a handful o' long ha'r in his fist."

"'Git out a boat!' yelled the captain; an' the way that boat was launched, wa'n't slow."

"By this time the pilot was ringin' like mad to go ahead. I had forgotten all about the engine, and the look of an' thar the reverse, and I was too much excited to pay any attention to the bell; but Mart had answered that ring so often that I reckon, if the ghost of his grandmother had appeared before him, he'd a' made the old lady wait until he changed them eccentric notions."

"So Mart jumped through the crowd an' set the wheels a-join' the other way; an' as we begun to gain head ag'in' the current, I felt three distinct bumps, which showed how near we had come to the rocks on a rock shoal."

"That Mart w'en't o' an' got the bundle he'd left on the deck, an' brought it back to whar the light from the open furnace door would fall on it; an' I heard a sound that surprised me at first, though it was natural enough. It was—"

"'You'd better a' seen Mart, as he held it. It might a' been glass, he hung onto it so gingerly."

"Don't cry, little 'un!" says he, an' I never heard his voice so soft an' coaxin'."

"I was the looker of an' thar was somethin' powerful solemn an' sorrowful in his face, as he says, says he:

"I shouldn't wonder if it knowed, somehow, that its dam is gone up the flume!"

"I went on talking to the kid, just as if it could understand him, an' it said—"

"Poor little critter! You're a wee bit of a chick to be all alone in this hyar big world; but I reckon we kin give you a warmer berth than a plank adrift on the Missouri, sich a night as this."

"Then he told us how he see the woman floatin' on some boards that might have been a door, or part of the side of a shanty. He reckoned she was in her night c'os; an' it was the white

two hours. Then word came that it was awake.

"We found it in the after cabin, with the stewardess a-feedin' of with a spoon, an' the hull raft' of women-folks standin' round, bossein' their heads."

"They made room for Mart, an' you'd order 'a seen his face, as he went up on tiptoe, with his hat under his arm."

Boys, I was in Californy in '49, an' I see feller pick up a nugget of gold once. He was that sure that I ever see smile any thing like Mart smile when he looked at that baby.

"The women-folks all laughed—they couldn't look at him an' help it. Perhaps that's what sot the baby to crown." Mart he grinned worse'n ever.

Then he poked out his finger, as if he was afraid to touch it with his big paw; an' the baby grabbed the finger with both hands an' stuck it into its mouth. I reckon it didn't taste good; for the baby let go, an' made a wry face.

"The baby was clapped to death; an' a whirling round he aimed a blow at my ribs, that 'u'd a put a hole clean through me, I reckon, if I hadn't parried it."

"At first the women didn't know but it was fight, an' one of 'em hollered right smart, you know, 'u'd a slapped my hands on his knees, chucked back his head, an' laugh'd fit to raise the hurricane-deck."

"Haw! haw! haw! haw! Pardner, he says to me, pokin' me in the ribs with his thumb, 'I ever see such a little cuss!' Took a double half-bushel of clapped, an' he was plunked into its mouth, as if it was a sugar-plum! Haw! haw! haw! he! he! ha!—ho!"

"While he was laughin' he held up his finger an' performed a sort of war-dance around it. He tossed his hat in the air, caught it on the side of his head, stuck his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, an' strutted about in a way that 'u'd 'a made a horse laugh. But the baby bu'sted out cryin' before he got well started, an' he quit."

"What's broke loose now?" says he.

"Bust my b'iler of the lecture cuss hain't got more music in its yawp than a hull raft' of steamboat whistles."

"Mart Kimball" says the stewardess, 'you order be ashamed of 'youself, kickin' up such a rumpus, an' bein' right before the baby, to say nuffin' 'bout dese hyar ladies dat all heared you."

"Did I swar?" says Mart.

"Why not? You have every requisite for success; position, youth, appearance and wealth."
"But you—"
"Bah! Don't think of me, boy. I am not in the lists, as you say, at all."
"You cannot mean that you do not admire Miss Radcliffe—that you are not in love with her?"
Paul Bonnell laughed—a short, scornful, mirthless laugh it was—and answered, steadily:
"I think I admire her as much as you do, only I say so for the sake of her virtues; but, as for loving her—why, that is quite out of my line."
"La Grange was about to make a bantering answer; but there was something in his companion's face, a dark, brooding shadow, which kept him silent as the two walked on toward the sea. He saw that the woman he had so long been canvassing stood before him, and that he was making a perfect picture in her white draperies. "So you are really back," she cried, lightly, advancing a step toward the gentlemen whose coming she had been watching; "and what kind of a time have you been having?"
"Delightful," said La Grange.
"And it will be a delightful evening," added Paul Bonnell, quietly. "You will be sure to enjoy the yachting by moonlight."
"No, you're not going?" turning toward Paul.
"Yes."
Pearl felt her face betraying the thrill of disappointment that came to her with that low-toned, gravely-indifferent answer, and turned quickly away from the dark, scrutinizing eyes. She was alone with La Grange. A few laughing words exchanged with La Grange, and the young man, too, entered the hall and ran up the broad stairway that led to her room. By one of the enormous windows, looking out upon the sea, Bonnell awaited her.

"Miss Radcliffe, stop a moment," he commanded, as she would have passed him.
Pearl stood silent before him, her fair young face proudly calm, her winsome eyes meeting his in a questioning that was both haughty and yet curiously sweet.
"I wanted to say good-by. I shall be gone when you and the others return to-night."
"Gone? So suddenly? Is there any necessity? Does Mrs. Chillingworth know?"
In the excited questioning, the swift flickering of the light on her cheeks and lips, Paul Bonnell read Pearl Radcliffe's heart.
"Yes," he said, calmly. "There is necessity. I am going to tell Mrs. Chillingworth now."

"I thought I could live and not see you. I find I cannot!"

"It is late to tell me that," she exclaimed, bitterly. "Do you know that I—"

"That you are to marry La Grange Chillingworth? Yes, I know! God help me—I know! Know, and cannot claim my own! Mine by every law of heaven and Nature has molded us two, her children, for each other!"

Pearl stood up and questioned, solemnly:

"Paul Bonnell, has my soul been true to its instincts, and have my senses, only, been confused? Do you love me! You shall tell me!"

"Pearl," answered the man, "I can love the being who is the other half of himself—the one mortal who could complete and perfect his life! Tell me, truly!"

"Then I will marry you! Stop—you shall not tell me that you are poor and lowly born! Your pride shall not be a barrier to me. I will swing away all my wealth for your sake. I will come to you as poor as King Cophetah's beggar-maid. I care not what you are to others—to me you are my life, my love, my royal master!"

"Do not tell me that," cried the girl, who loved, and who so madly loved him, to his trust. "He who covered her mouth with a few fierce kisses. He dropped tears—a strong man's tears, wrung out by agony, hot as his heart's blood, upon her young face."

"But I cannot be! Heaven help you! How I wish those words might kill you. It would be better so."

He raised her drooped head from his bosom. A line of scarlet crossed her cheek. The girl felt that she had seen his look of horror. She put up her hand, and lovingly wiped the blood. "What is it?" she questioned, faintly, her eyes fixed upon his dilated, agonized ones.

"The accursed thing!" he muttered, tearing at a slender golden chain holding a crucifix upon his breast. "The accursed thing! Pearl is red with her blood, yet I must wear it! Pearl is red with her blood, yet I must wear it! The blood badge separates us—separates us—eternally!"

"Paul, I cannot understand you, but you do not frighten me. Tell me what it is that stands between us!"

"See your eyes turn from me in aversion! Feel your form shiver with loathing? Never!"

"But I shall not hate, I shall not despise, I shall love, love, just the same!"

"Impossible! Farewell! I must go!"

"You shall not go, until you make your confession! *I will not change!*—I will change, him, pale, resolute, rationally strengthened!"

like some despairing, desperate spirit.

"You will hear? Then go to Lady Dartley; Leaside Park is next this. Tell her Paul Bonnell is here. She will not spare you for me. After that, if you can come to me and—'Paul, before we part, hear me—I love you!' you will find me waiting here. Let it be to-morrow. Take one day to think of it. You will not?"

"I shall not!" cried the girl, as Bonnell took himself away.

Alone Paul Radcliffe had sought Leaside Park. He had hurried to its solitary, secluded mistress, with Paul Bonnell's message penciled upon it. The name proved talismanic. The pale, resolute-eyed visitor was shown to the door of Lady Dartley's apartment. With unerring nerves she entered through the dark doorway, and found a room filled with gloomy old furniture and the presence of a woman whose youth and beauty were prematurely faded, and who wore a white garb as of a religious recluse. Beads and a crucifix hung at her side, and a sword and a chain and crucifix, identical with that worn by Paul Bonnell, was fastened about her throat.

"I am come to learn by what oath Paul Bonnell is at your mercy, and may not marry a woman who wears this?"

For an instant Lady Dartley gazed with cold hatred into the questioner's eyes. Then she answered, slowly:

"So you are the woman Paul Bonnell loves! And you loves you, as he never did me! But you—bah! how long will you care for him when I tell you that he is a—murderer?"

Pearl shivered as a stray leaf struck by a rude storm-blast.

"He is forever here, is it that you alone can say this of him?"

"Ha! I doubted if your love would stand that knowledge! And yet I, whom he fancied, briefly, and hates, now, have kept that secret for him, all these years, though it was my brother's who told me."

"Keep it at the price of what oath?"

"That he shall never marry! Do you care to hear more, girl?"

"No! If there is more to tell, Paul shall be his own accuser."

"You will go to him—now?" The woman sprang up furious as an enraged animal. But Miss Radcliffe was beyond her power.

"Paul, my love, I have heard part. You shall tell me the rest. Speak, Paul!" The girl slipped upon her knees before the form sitting rigid upon the rustic seat of the little vine-gloomed temple; but the dark-lashed lids were not raised from the pallid cheeks; the compressed lips gave no sound.

"Paul! Paul! Hear me! It is Pearl. She loves you!"

Still no answer. The pleader tore aside the darkening vines, and let the sunlight fall across Paul's worn face, and knew that however he had sinned, however he had suffered, the sin was expiated, the suffering ended.

The disturbed house of Chillingworth was more disturbed when a message from Lady Dartley commanded Miss Radcliffe to Leaside Park, before the coffin-form of Paul Bonnell should be carried thence to a ferny grave in the shady yard of the castle chapel.

"La Grange, you must come, too," Pearl said, eagerly.

In the somber drawing-room, closed, until now, since the death of Ralph Dartley, and the self-incarceration of his sister—the last of the direct Dartley line—Paul Bonnell's body lay; and across it Elinor Dartley made her confession to Pearl Radcliffe.

"You cannot guess how I loved this man. I cared not that I was rich and he poor, and that

my rank and wealth were, mayhap, more to him than myself. We made our arrangements to elope. My brother, Ralph, discovered our plans, and intercepted us. Paul drew a pistol and fired. The ball missed its mark. I seized the whip and urged the horse on with a plunge that threw our captor far to the side of the road. Paul would come back, then. Ralph was carried home—and died. He died—from the effects of the blow of the horse's hoof upon his head. But before his death he had recovered his head. But before his death he had recovered his head. But before his death he had recovered his head.

consciousness long enough to make me take an oath not to marry Paul Bonnell. In expiation of what I had done, I vowed never to marry. But Paul—I resolved that, if I could not marry, neither should he! I told him that he was my brother's murderer. That the pistol-shot had caused Ralph's death, but that I had screened him, and would, if he would take an oath never to marry. The crucifix I put about his throat, and with it I saved him.

and with it bound him to myself, and to the belief that he had taken my brother's life. But he was innocent. Here, over his dead body, I wear it! I have sought to expiate one wrong by a life of rigid harshness, seclusion, and penances; but for this I can never atone! I can only free his name from the imputation with which I blackened it, and—die."

Lady Dartley withdrew from the room, and the five young ladies, who had been

"Paul, listen to me, darling! We are separated, but it is not for eternity! We are each

"Come away, La Grange, and take this ring. Speak to me never again of love nor marriage. I am his bride—made so through death."



"I am come to learn by what oath Paul Bonnell is at your mercy?"

"That that first caught his eye in the light from the furnace-door."

"Just before the boat struck the raft, he see that it was a woman layin' on her back with somethin' in her arms, which struck him as it might be a baby. So he grabbed the baby with one hand, and the woman's arm with the other. But the current pulled her away from him, an' then he made a second grab fur her 'lar, an' hung on until it come out in his hand."

"Then the women on the boat found out that she was a mother, an' the first order 'er gave was 'em 'em come troopin' down the stairs, 'cause they flocked about Mart an' the baby, 'rou'd a' thought they was goin' to eat 'em both up. They called it all the dear little things an' the poor babies, an' cried all round, an' wanted to hug it an' kiss it, all drippin' wet as it was."

"But Mark he says:

"Hold on, la, ties! I reckon I've got salvage in this here 'em 'em flossam."

"An' he acted i' as if he was afraid to let 'em touch it."

"But they to'd him all together that he would fetch its death o' cold, if it didn't have dry c'lo's on 'em; so after awhile he give it up to the stewardess, to make 'em comfortable, an' the captain can tell to understand that he was boss of the con-arn, an' meant to stand out fur his rights."

"The skiff come back without the woman. Whoever she was, I reckon goin' under the boat finished her. Then the St. Louis went on her way."

"Them that knowed the ways of the river guessed that some poor devil had built his shanty too nigh the bank, an' in the hulluck o' the night, he'd been washed out, an' the wreck out into the river; an' when the pilot got hold o' the story, he allowed he could put his finger on the shanty—he'd spotted it, he said, on the last town trip. An' it w'n't ten mile ahead."

"There enough, haw! haw! a mile below the shanty had stood, was part o' the wreck, caught by a snag. An' pinched between the timbers lay a dead man, what had been called while he was sleepin', an' perhaps dreamin' o' makin' a comfortable home fur the woman an' 'er child, that laid by his side."

"The engineer did not use the word *called* in the sense in which a minister would have used it. He drew his figure from the game of poker."

"Gents, said Mark Kimball, 'I reckon this settles the case. It's a case of humanity repairs. She belongs to the boat, with't no doubt at all head referee an' general boss. Now, encof'ard an' forever, I adopts her as mine, individually an' collectively, so help me Bob!'

"The engineer, who was at his work, whistlin' softly to himself, an' ever and anon would snap his fingers an' grin, an' look as if he wanted to cut a pigeon's wing."

"At six we went off duty. He hadn't opened his eyes for two hours, perhaps, when all of a sudden he fetched me, an' he said, 'What a sudden floored me, an' when I turned round to see if the dog-goned fool had gone crazy, I found him grinnin' 'lar back to the years."

"Haw! haw! haw! he belled, like a buffalo, 'call 'ol Mart Kimball in his family man! put it thar, pardner!—put it thar, fur ninety says!'

"An', boys, he grabbed a-holt o' my hand with a grip that made my eyes water."

"Then the Crossed-eye, who was in the family, 'our ugly picture', come up an' said, 'family man!'

"But the baby was asleep; an' Mart wander'd around that boat as restless as a bed-bug fur

"Yes, you did! Not a minute ago!"

"That was only once."

"I reckon that was once 'too many.'"

"An' did the baby cry because I swore?"

"Wouldn't you cry, if you was a little thing like dat?"

"Wal," says Mart, "I won't sw'ar no more, 'll be 'lar."

"Then he stooped; for it was right on the end o' his tongue ag'in, he was sayin' to the child he went on:

"I'm sorry, give me this little piece o' tberbaker. 'Dat'll stop it, maybe."

"Give a baby tberbaker!" yells all the women-folks, at once, an' throwed up their hands, an' held their breath.

"Ain't that all right?" says Mart, lookin' a little scart.

"Oh! the horrid critter!" they all yelled; an' he way they hustled Mart out o' that cabin was caution.

Mart called his baby the Pride o' the St. Louis, an' the story went the length o' the river.

"The next trip his hatch come in the daytime; an' he had a little bunk built jest for'ard o' the starboard-engine, where it could lay an' he could play out in the sunning, while he watched it, gon' about his work. When the baby was around Mart didn't sw'ar; an' it softened him up a power in every way.

"Mart hadn't nobody else in all the wide world, an' he loved that baby so, that when the sickened an' died, not six months after he died, he put out o' the river, it seemed to take all the heart an' life out o' 'im. He had been as devil-early-care a galoot as run the river before. Now o' a sudden he was 'out an' never opened his eyes no more. When he wa'n't at work he so't an' studied an' studied. Dark nights, like this, he was always restless, an' kept lookin' out ahead as if he expected to see somethin' or other."

As the boat went on, the two boys, a rude one came from the cabin above, through the door at this moment opened by the traveler who had stood so long on the forward deck.

"You're a liar!—an' I kin mop the floor with the bill o' me!" fetch two cents a pound for pen-ance!"

"Good-bye! I wish you all manner of happiness. Though that is all nonsense. It is your destiny to be happy, when I am out of your pathway; and I never shall forget you again, though the wish and the wisher will speedily be forgotten." He was trying both her strength and his own. For he must have known how his words hurt her. When he held out his hand in parting the girl withheld hers, angrily. He accepted her decision, and turned away with a bow. Then, swiftly, almost involuntarily, Pearl re-voiced her decision, held out one hand—held out both hands—was clasped in Paul's arms.

"Pearl! Pearl! I know you love me, child; and you must not. You must not! I am a man, not a child, and you're not!"

"What matters that? I am rich! Rich enough for us both," whispered Pearl, while his throbbing pulses, his clasping arms, his hot caress upon her face, seemed to proclaim that Bonnell loved her.

"What matters that? It matters this much—that it has separated us to all eternity. What am I that I *dare* aspire to the hand of Pearl Radcliffe, the heiress and last of a proud line?"

"You are Mrs. Chillingworth's guest."

"Because Mrs. Chillingworth's slip of a son has married her daughter. What do you know of me that they should value me? They know of me that they should value me for keeping this jewel that they covet to exhibit as their own?"

"Paul, you talk so strangely I cannot follow you. But Mrs. Chillingworth is my chaperon, and I must not. I have a right to bestow my love where I will."

"But not on me, child; I have not been guilty of seeking it. Of that wrong I can hold myself free; and now I must go away that you may forget me! Farewell—you will soon recover from the influence of this word!"

He unhooked his arm from about the slender form, and walked away without one backward glance. He had said that she would soon recover from the bitterness of that word, farewell. He knew that he never could. Ah, if he had but said but one word to Pearl!

She went down to dinner that night without betraying one trace of what she had suffered, was suffering, save by a trifle of unwonted paleness; and the next day—the day after Paul Bonnell's departure from the seaside cottage—all of the guests knew that La-
rge Chillingworth was betrothed to the noble young heiress.

"Pearl!"

The book over which the lady was bending slipped from her lap. She grew pale and shivered. She knew what she could not control herself to meet the gaze she felt burning down upon her. But when she lifted her face, despite its old *hauteur*, Paul Bonnell saw the change the months had wrought there—the weary, unsatisfied, and aching eyes, the lips that could never get used to conquering with a love she could not possess, but which she contented herself for possessing, had induced, and his heart leapt for this girl.

"Poor child! My poor darling!"

It had needed those words, that unutterably pitiful tender tone, to melt Pearl's heart. She turned toward the man who stood before her. He, too, had changed since their parting. The sleek heavy masses of hair were lined thickly thick gray. The pale dark face was worn and

"Why did you come back?" she cried, passionately.

"Because I am weaker than I deemed myself.

The Love a Woman Bears

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"WELL?" with a cynical intonation in the deep, low voice, and a half-smile flickering across the dark face of the speaker.

"Well," said La Grange Chillingworth, his boyish, ringing tones and frank countenance in striking contrast to his companion's utter inscrutableness.

"Nonsense! You were thinking of her at that moment. What is it that you think?"

The younger man's face was all aglow as he answered with hot earnestness:

"That she is divine! The perfect woman I know. I tell you, Bonnell, the man who wins that woman for his wife ought to feel himself the most fortunate of mortals."

"And why may not that man be you?" Bonnell asked, coldly.

"I have not the slightest chance in the lists against a man by whom all the women are fascinated."